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THE MOVIE
ENTERTAINMENT
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Liv Ullmann stars in Ingmar Bergman's 20th film, The Serpent's Egg

On the couch with Mel Brooks

THE BETSY: The saga of an Empire

FINGERS: Life on the streets

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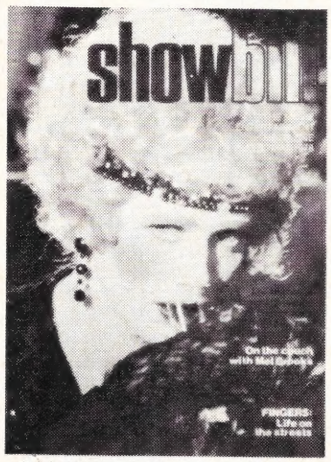

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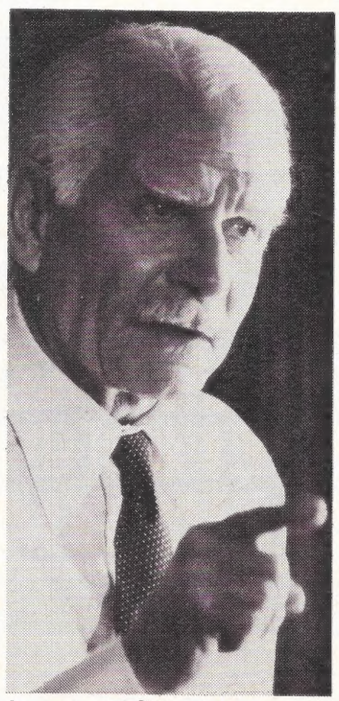

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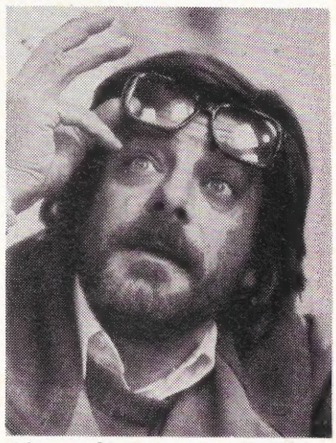

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MAIL

The reader's voice. Letters are welcome

Canadians Were There

In the "LETTERS" column of your December 1977 January 1978 issue a Mr. Matthew Scholtz states that your review of "A Bridge Too Far" is wrong because it mentions Canadians. If he had read Cornelius Ryan's book a little further he would have discovered that two companies of the Royal Canadian Engineers participated in the battle of Arnhem indirectly. Those two companies were the lifeline that got what was left of the First Airborne Division (GB) across the Rhine and back to friendly lines. The Canadians had saved the division from total annihilation.

So the Canadians WERE there and they showed why the Canadian soldier was respected by friend and for alike.

Doug Newman
Ottawa, Ontario

Not Fading Out

The fact that the "Saturday Night Fever" album was turned over to the Bee Gees is not unfortunate. Since their "Main Course" album in 1975, they have written and released "Children of the World", two oldie albums, and a double live set. Children of the World is double platinum.
This is the group whose popularity is, (as your record reviewer says) fading, who sound exhausted and like insects. The Bee Gees may not be the Beatles but they are certainly not fading out.

Pat Gross
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Thought Provoking

Thank you for such a splendid magazine. We are always looking forward to the next issue. The articles are enlightening, and the overview is definitely to pass on intelligent, even thought-provoking, information. Or course the Canadian content is without parallel.

Malvern P. Jacobs
Mississauga, Ontario

SHOWBILL welcomes your opinions, criticisms and suggestions, and will acknowledge them on a first received basis. Letters for publication, should be addressed to:

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DIALOGUE

...with the new kid in town Quinn Cummings

The new kid on the movie block is Quinn Cummings, the cunning catalyst of The Goodbye Girl. She is 4'2", dresses like her mother, talks like Neil Simon writes, looks on the word 'kid' as an ethnic insult and, after at least one bad experience, regards interviewers as adversaries who must earn her trust and respect. And she does her showbusiness homework.

Not once did her mother, who was chatting at a nearby table with some reporters' wives, lend so much as an ear to her daughter's conversation. But if she had, she would have known why Quinn hesitated over the question about her father's occupation. He died on the day shooting was completed on The Goodbye Girl.

Showbill: This is your first movie, Quinn, and you're very popular. How has all this changed your life?

Cummings: I don't think much has changed. I still go to school and go home and feed my babies.

Showbill: Babies? Aren't you a little young?

Cummings: I'm 10 and don't you dare put down that I'm nine. I have four babies, a dog, a cat and two hamsters named Felix and Oscar.

Showbill: From *The Odd Couple*?

Cummings: Yes, but it had nothing to do with me reading Neil Simon.

Showbill: What do you read, then? The movie shows us a kid who reads the *New York Times* over breakfast.

Cummings: I read the *Los Angeles Times* over breakfast. By the way, have you read the book from *The Goodbye Girl*?

Showbill: No.

Cummings: Well don't. I don't mean to insult him and I hope he's not a friend of yours, but he's really screwed up my character.

Showbill: How?

Cummings: Lots of ways. For one thing, he has me eating sardines. I wouldn't eat sardines for love or money.

Showbill: Well, he hasn't screwed up your character, he can't.

Cummings: Oh yes he can, and he did.

Showbill: That character is yours now. You brought it to life. He can only screw himself up.

Cummings: Maybe you're right... You really take notes well.

Showbill: Thank you. Does this interview bother you?

Cummings: No, as long as you don't misquote me.

Showbill: Have you been misquoted?

Cummings: Oh, brother, that's the unsterstatement of the year. I was on a panel and a guy from the *LA Times* asked me, "Quinn, has your mother forced you into this?" I said, "No, I do not have a pushy mother and a stage struck family." the next day I read that I have a pushy mother and a stage struck family. I died. One girl got it dittoed and sent it all over school.

Showbill: Are you going to do anything about it?

Cummings: When I get old enough I'm going to sue them for their eyeteeth.

Showbill: You ought to do what Robert Mitchum does; he takes a tape recorder along anytime he's being interviewed.

Cummings: He's the guy in *Baa, Baa Black Sheep*.

Showbill: No, that's Robert Conrad. I guess to you kids, anyone over 40 looks alike.

Cummings: I really don't think that's true. But you stereotype us. Once we do something, you automatically put us in that, uh, corner.

Showbill: What would you like to do when you grow up? Be like Shirley Temple and play adult roles?

Cummings: She never did; she never did anything big after the age of 11. You make me sound like being an actress is a certainty for me.

But I understand they're doing a sequel to *Gone With the Wind*. I'd like to be in that, but not as Scarlett O'Hara.

Showbill: Do you go to the movies often?

Cummings: There aren't a lot of movies a "kid" can see.

Showbill: What about so-called "kids movies"?

Cummings: They're okay. But somebody should tell them that not all bears are employed.

Showbill: Speaking of bears, how about the *Bad News Bears* movies?

Cummings: A friend of mine, Brett Marx, was in them.

Showbill: How is he your friend? Not that we're suggesting any romantic involvement...

Cummings: That's not funny. I'll sue you for your eyeteeth.

Showbill: Really, though, some people said those pictures were too rough for kids to see. How did you feel?

Cummings: Rough? You mean the language? I heard that sort of language when I was in the fourth grade.

Showbill: But do your parents let you use that language around the house?

Cummings: No, Do yours? I mean, when you were 10, did they?

Showbill: No, but we're from a different generation. Are your parents in show business at all?

Cummings: No.

Showbill: What does your Dad do for a living?

Commings: (pauses and swallows hard) He's the president of a tie company.

Showbill: Sorry, we missed that, a what company?

Cummings: (after another pause) A tie company. He makes neckties.

Showbill: How'd you get into this, then?

Cummings: James Wong Howe, the photographer who died recently, got me into it.

Showbill: Ever do any plays in school?

Cummings: Yes. The Wizard of Oz. Guess what I was?

Showbill: The Wizard.

Cummings: No, a Munchkin.

Showbill: You ought to talk to your agent about that. You can do better.

Cummings: But everybody from the fourth grade on down had to be a Munchkin. You make it sound as if, if you came into my school, I'd be the one doing a time step on top of the desk. Honestly, they treat me just like anybody else. But now that I've done this movie, everybody expects me to be a wise-cracking kid.

Showbill: Which you're not, of course.

Cummings: Only when I want to be. ■

By Doug Smith, an entertainment and travel writer with the Buffalo Courier-Express.

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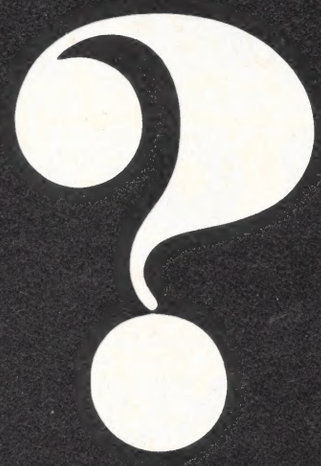

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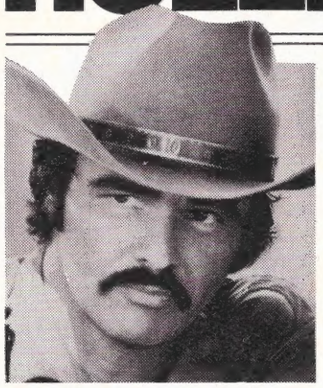
Dateline HOLLYWOOD

by CLIFTON ROTHMAN



Burt Reynolds around the money tree

Sally Field one more time around Burt

Sylvester Stallone Rocky revisited

Gregory Peck 30 years as the good guy

Second sequel scoop: Smokey and the Bandit may have been trash to the critics but it's cash to **Burt Reynolds** who opted for a percentage instead of salary. The $12 million or so thrown his way has twisted his arm to do a sequel, and this time co-stars **Sally Field** and **Jackie Gleason** will also go the percentage route...Mucho Macho Duo: Before lensing Smokey, Reynolds will team with **Robert Shaw** in Peter Gruber's *Storm Warning*...More Mucho Macho: **Sylvester Stallone** will follow his *Paradise Alley* starrer with two more *Rocky* sequels as well as the life story of Edgar Allan Poe...*And now to Mix 'n Matcho:* We hear that **Woody Allen** is an American antique furniture buff who boasts a blue and white canopied bed in his boudoir.
Robert Redford has tumbleweed in his Manhattan apartment because he can't live without a touch of the West...*From decor to diets:* What's **Warren Beatty's** secret for having recently shed 20 unwanted pounds? A diet of broccoli and string beans...*Class Reunion Time:* **George Segal** and **Glenda Jackson** reteam this month in Mel Frank's *Lost and Found* hoping for more *Touch of Class* magic...**Carol Burnett** has purchased the option to produce and headline Erma Bombeck's *The Grass is Always Greener Over The Septic Tank* as a 2-hour TV special for CBS. Could this mean a new series for Burnett who's current variety hour is in ratings trouble?...Also turning producer is **Henry Winkler** who has chosen for his next vehicle James Triver's *Hamburger Heaven* about a young jock working for a fast food chain. We're hoping these arches will prove golden to Winkler who was none too pleased about the critical lambaste of his motion picture premiere in *Heroes*...*Does Ripley's know about this?:* Author **Mario Puzo** rejected $1 million just to use his name above the title of *The Godfather, Third Generation*. Seems he could not accept the tempting offer because of his "Italian Pride"...*You-can't-win-'em-all dep't:* Popular Library Press publishes Harry Medved and Randy Dreyfuss' *The Fifty Worst Films of All Time* this month claiming, among others, *Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Myra Breckinridge, Valley of The Dolls* and the musical version of *Lost Horizon*...Also on the book beat: Noted bio-writer Charles Highman is penning a biography of **Errol Flynn** establishing the famed lady-killer as a bisexual who had several affairs with men including another famed Hollywood figure. We hear **Anita Bryant** has ordered all her Flynn celluloid prints melted...*Flix picks:* A lot of excitement on *The Boys From Brazil* production of Ira Levin's bestseller. Seems **Gregory Peck,** co-starring with **Laurence Olivier,** is brilliant as Dr. Joseph Mengele, Hitler's exterminator responsible for 300,000 murders at Auschwitz. This marks Peck's first villain role after a 30-year career playing the good guy. **Anne Meara** as Mrs. Curry apparently shines in her dramatic confrontations with Olivier...**Ann-Margaret** on **Elvis:** "He was somebody that I not only loved and respected, but who was also like me in a lot more ways than anyone will ever know ...*No sailor in this one:* English actress **Sara Miles** is rehearsing a musical showstopper in L.A. to be debuted in San Francisco this month. **Chad Stuart,** formerly of Chad and Jeremy, is her music director. ■

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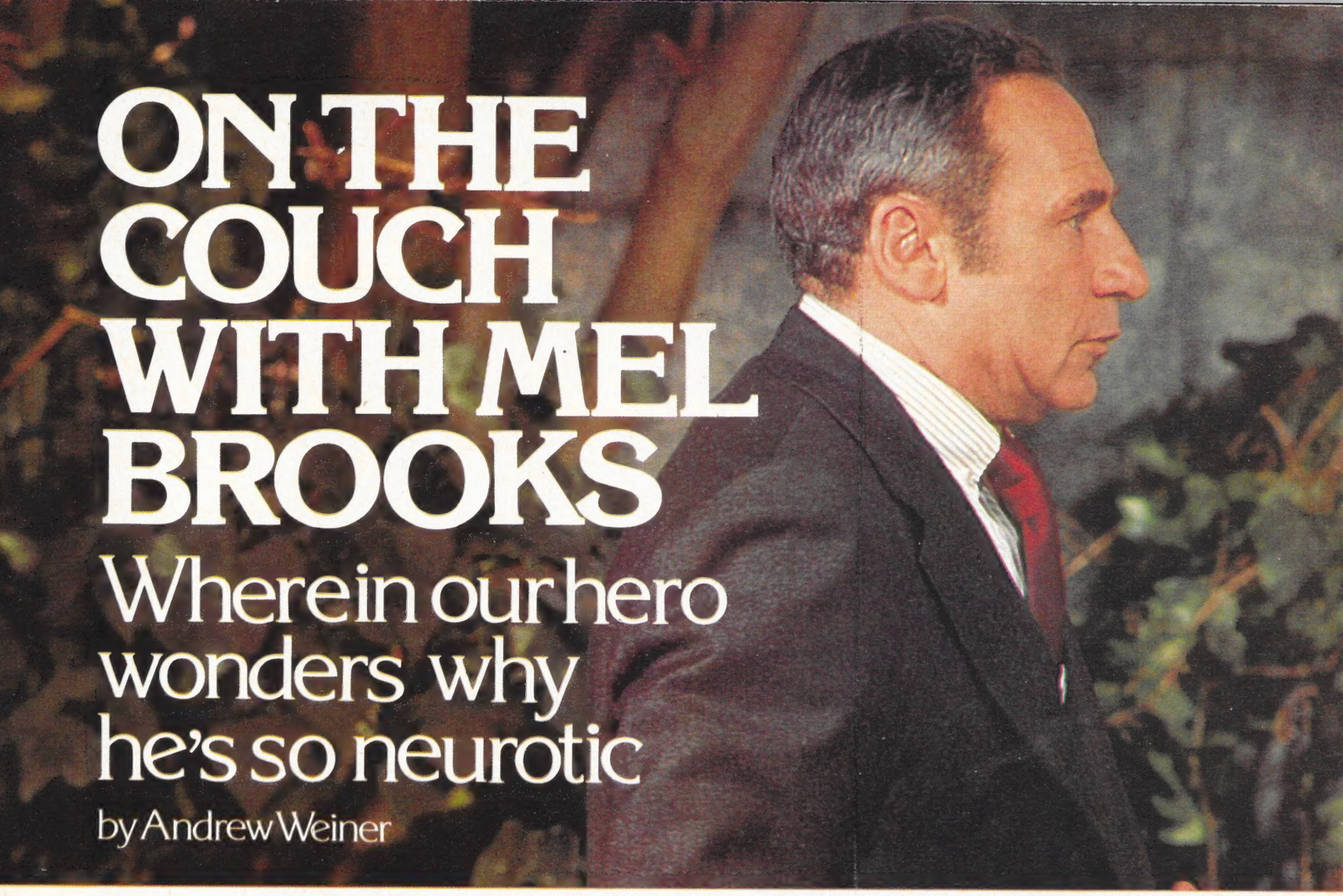

ON THE COUCH WITH MEL BROOKS

Wherein our hero wonders why he's so neurotic

by Andrew Weiner

It's a scene of perfect tranquillity. A man relaxes on a park bench on a sunny afternoon. He pays no attention as a pigeon flutters down to land on a children's jungle gym. But then another pigeon lands, and another, and another, until a whole flock has assembled. And then the pigeons swoop down on the man on the bench...

No, it isn't Alfred Hitchcok's *The Birds*. Hitchcock may have put his characters through some pretty gruelling experiences, but he always stopped short of strafing them with, uh, **pigeon droppings.** Which is the unfortunate fate of Dr. Richard Thorndyke, Director of the Psycho-Neurotic Institute for the Very Very Nervous, in Mel Brooks' *High Anxiety*.

High Anxiety follows in the wake of three consecutive box-office hits from Brooks, all three parodying classic Hollywood movie genres: (westerns) *Blazing Saddles,* (horror) *Young Frankenstein* and (silents) *Silent Movie*. It's obviously a successful formula, and here Brooks applies it yet again, this time to the classic Hitchcock psycho-thriller. *High Anxiety* is full of tributes to Hitchcock movies; not only *The Birds,* but also *Vertigo,* in the Golden Gate Bridge scene, and *Psycho,* with Brooks repeating the famous shower scene, this time not with a knife but a wet paper.

Brooks himself takes the leading role of Dr. Thorndyke, a psychiatrist with a morbid fear of heights. In his words, he is the "classic Hitchcockian hero, the tall, handsome, innocent who gradually becomes enmeshed in a nefarious plot." Brooks is neither tall nor handsome nor innocent. But the plot, which involves the efforts of Thorndyke's head nurse (Cloris Leachman) and assistant director (Harvey Korman) to defraud the patients of their Institute, is certainly nefarious enough.

Brooks has acted in his own movies before, but always as second string to Gene Wilder. Now that Wilder has moved on to make his own movies, Brooks "looked around for another comic to do my stuff and was passing by a mirror and there he was." He seems to have made a pretty good choice. As well as acting, he also co-wrote, directed and produced the film.

"In every spoof," he says, "I make real love to the things I'm spoofing. In *High Anxiety* I'm sending up two things I love desperately; Alfred Hitchcock and Psychiatry." Brooks has been a fan of psychiatry since the early 1950s, when he spent six years on the couch, four days a week, going through the lengthy process of psychoanalysis.

At the time, he was a TV writer, working on Sid Caesar's *Your Show of Shows* in a stable which also included Woody Allen, Larry Gelbart, Carl Reiner and Neil Simon. Competition between the writers was ferocious. The pay, for the times, seemed phenomenal. And Brooks cracked. "I would throw up between a Plymouth and a Dodge parked at the curb...I was successful before I was ready for it."

Through psychoanalysis, Brooks learned that his fear of success was really a fear of maturity. And if success meant maturity, then maturity was one step away from death (his father had died when he was two years old). Although he never overcame his fear of death, he learned how to rechannel it into a pursuit of *artistic immortality*.

Before Brooks cashed in on his current run of hits, he made two movies which commercially failed, *The Producers* and *The Twelve Chairs*. Both have since become cult movies, playing in art cinemas around the world. But Brooks concluded he was taking the wrong approach. He was appealing only to a sophisticated, urban, primarily Jewish-neurotic audience. He had never considered how it would play in Des Moines.

He switched to the broader, more vulgar comic style of *Blazing Saddles,* grossed $40 million, and never looked back. These days he makes all his movies with Des Moines in mind, and particularly his ideal Mr. Average Moviegoer, Larry. "Larry Gordon," he told the *Village Voice,* " and his family. They go about 28 times. He's whoever goes to movies in Des Moines. Whoever goes to movies in Des Moines will see John Wayne's films, and my film, and maybe not Woody (Allen)'s". ■

Clockwise: Brooks and Madeline Kahn: shades of North By Northwest; Brooks posing as the jungle gym from The Birds; Leachman and Korman: work by day, play by night.

FRONT ROW CENTRE

EXCITING TELEVISION IN MARCH

March 1 8:30 pm

CATSPLAY

At 65 who runs her life, her lover and her boarding house with an indomitable spirit of great adventure? Mrs. Bela Orban! Helen Burns stars as a woman who refuses to let age get in the way of life. Her Mrs. Orban has a triumphant soul. Directed by Stephen Katz.

March 8 9:30 pm

ONE NIGHT STAND

Daisy is about to have the most horrifying birthday party of her life! After inviting a stranger home to share her cake and her bed, Daisy can't stop their casual relationship from turning into one of terror. Allan King directs Chapelle Jaffe and Brent Carver in this zinging film.

March 15 8:30 pm

LES BELLES SOEURS

Etrog Award winner Monique Mercure stars in Michel Tremblay's Québècois classic about the marvelous and complicated women of Montreal's East End, circa 1965. Full of humour and full of anger, Les Belles Soeurs explores the lives of some very special women. Directed by André Brassard.

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FINGERS: He'll do anything to be loved

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FINGERS

Continued

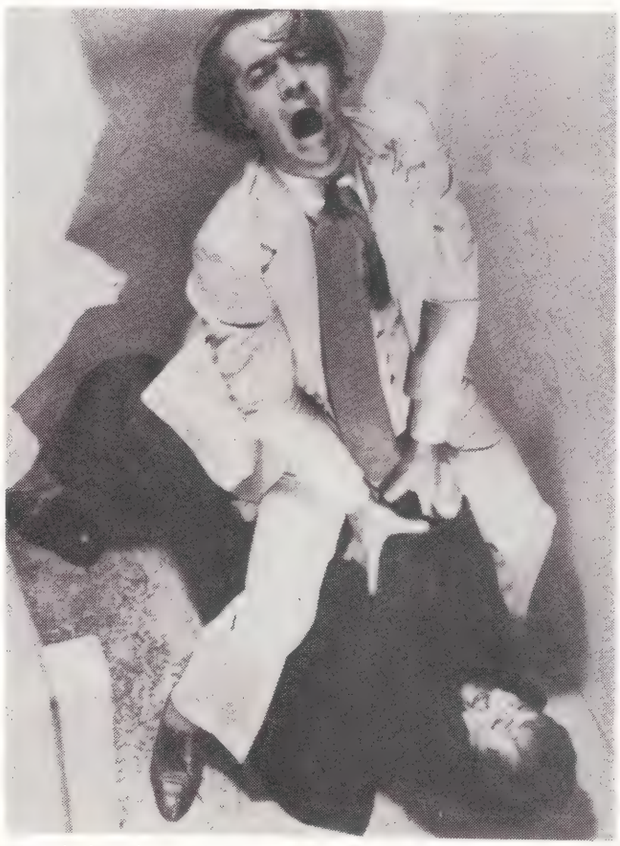
If it weren't so calculated, it would be easy to say that actor Harvey Keitel just happened by all his film roles coincidentally, playing consistently the same nice, misunderstood Roman Catholic boy who, when he was good, was very, very good, but who, when he was bad, was very, very bad.

Keitel, since he first met director Martin Scorsese as a student at NYU, has managed to bare the brunt of the street thug in most of Scorsese's frightening representations of underworld America (*Mean Streets, Taxi Driver*). He's the hood who can't get any loving, can't even stay respectable and certainly can't please his family, even though that is the connection always getting him into trouble. The sucker, they call him.

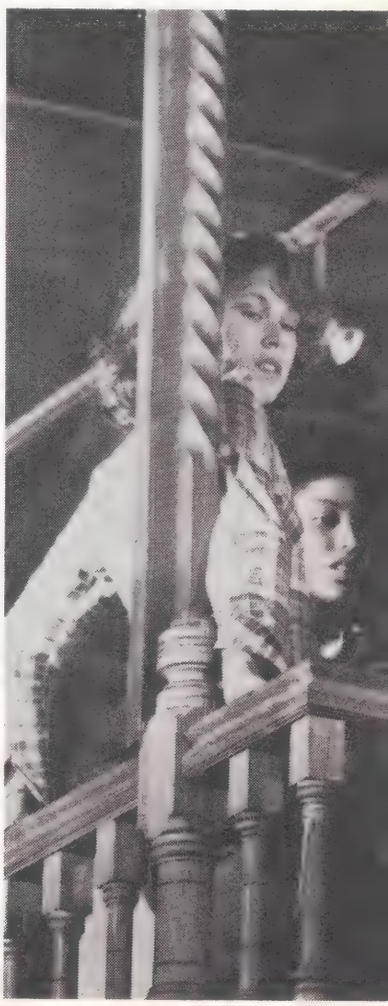
Unlike De Niro, who's presence seems merely psychopathic, enigmatic Keitel brings violence, gritty and agitating, to the screen. In *Mean Streets,* he played a young hood on the way up, who true to his sucker image, was always trying to bail Johnny Boy (De Niro) out of trouble. But all that bad blood makes way for some horrific anti-climatic situations, true to Scorsese's modus operandi.

Now in *Fingers,* writer and director James Toback's story of a sensitive (of course) concert pianist with gangland connections through his father (of course), Keitel continues to explore his abilities in such roles with renewed fervor. As the guilt-ridden, but proud Jimmy Angelelli, half-jewish, half-italian, Keitel propells himself involuntarily into explosively violent situations with the mob. And to what end it affects his creative sensibilities is revealed in a scene before an audition at Carnegie Hall where he gets stuck in an elevator (just after being bailed out of jail). Although he tries to compose himself after he gets out, he fouls up the same pieces of music we have heard him play earlier. After, he goes to see his mother at the mental hospital she has been in since he was a boy, and tells her of his failure at the audition. She turns her back on him. Every small shred of self-respect finally disappears.

Keitel appears in every scene in *Fingers,* along with, at various intervals, Tisa Farrow (Mia's youngest sister), football player-cum-actor, Jim Brown and Michael Gasso, the playwright and actor who's role as the



Keitel's less than unique way of collecting debts



Jim Brown and Co.: prizefighter turned gangster.

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Farrow and Keitel: one-night love affair.

doomed Mafia chief in *The Godfather II* won him an Academy Award nomination.

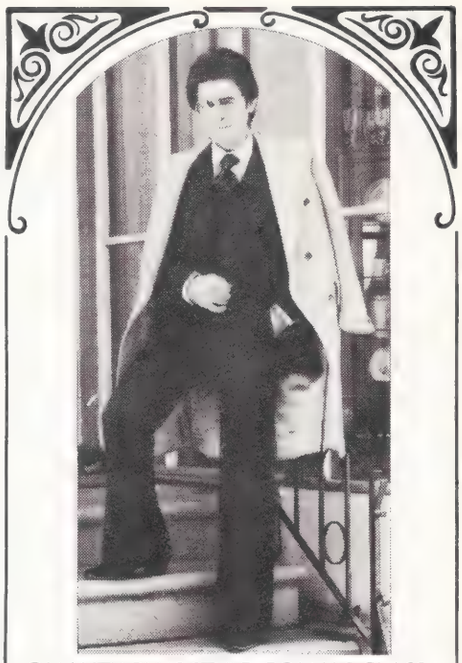
"This is the kind of small film," says Keitel, "or rather intimate film where everybody gives his all.

"I have to admit that the violent character I played in *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* (also a Scorsese film) has something to do with me and is based in some part on my own instincts.

"Jimmy in this film is really on the bursting point so I do take from my own experiences, my own frustrations, to sort of put the screws on him."

As a young boy, Keitel spent most of his time with a street gang in Brooklyn and eventually, when he was older, drifted into acting. "I always felt a guy like me couldn't really be an actor. But James Dean, Marlon Brando, Elia Kazan and John Cassavetes, they were sort of growing on me and I was saying to myself 'I kinda feel like that... maybe I could do it."

Scorsese showed him how and now "the sidewalk scorpions", as *Village Voice* writer Arthur Bell calls them, are both on the map. ■



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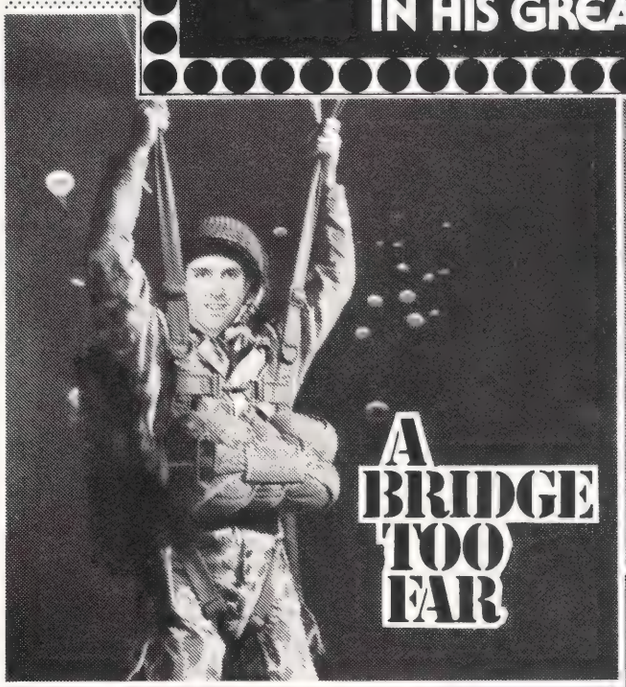

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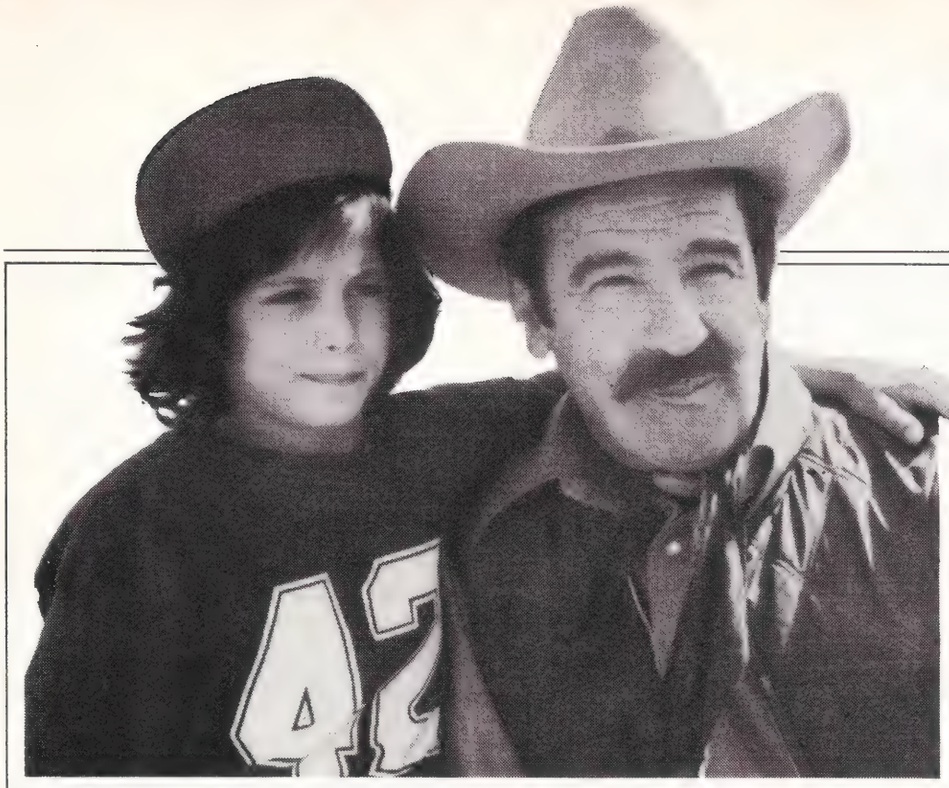


MERCI, PARDNER

Casey's Shadow is Walter Matthau's first western in years and you can be sure its taken its toll on the grimacing master of comedy. While he should have been home convalescing after open heart surgery, Matthau was instead sweating it out on the set in small town Texas, plodding along in cowboy fashion. He plays a Louisiana Cajun who takes a horse nobody wants to New Mexico to race in the Futurity Sweepstakes. Along the way he encounters Alexis Smith, playing a hot-tempered owner and trainer who wants to buy his horse, and her precocious friend, nine-year-old Michael Hershewe.

SHE'S NOT THROUGH YET

The Other Side of the Mountain II has more validity as a sequel than most of the others that have continued their fictional sagas and flogged them into the ground. The story of Jill Kinmont, the Olympic hopeful who was crippled in a skiing accident in 1955, is not finished. Last year, Kinmont was married to John Boothe (played in the film by Timothy Bottoms), once a long-haul trucker. Kinmont is a grammar school teacher in California now and took time off to be technical advisor on the film. Playing her in the sequel is Marilyn Hassett, (above) who also made her debut in the first.

THE DEERHUNTER

When the final sum of wounded and killed in Vietnam had been tallied, the most difficult task was coming home. A returned soldier often found himself at odds with the society he had represented on the battlefield. *The Deerhunter,* starring Robert De Niro as Michael, a vet working in a steel town in the Allegheny Hills, examines that war from a new perspective, one that aroused violent passions. To prepare for the role, De Niro spent weeks in the Ohio River Valley Region talking to the men who work in the steel mills about their treacherous jobs. The deer hunt, which became a weekly ritual with Michael and his friends before he went to war is the framework on which director Michael Cimino bases this film.

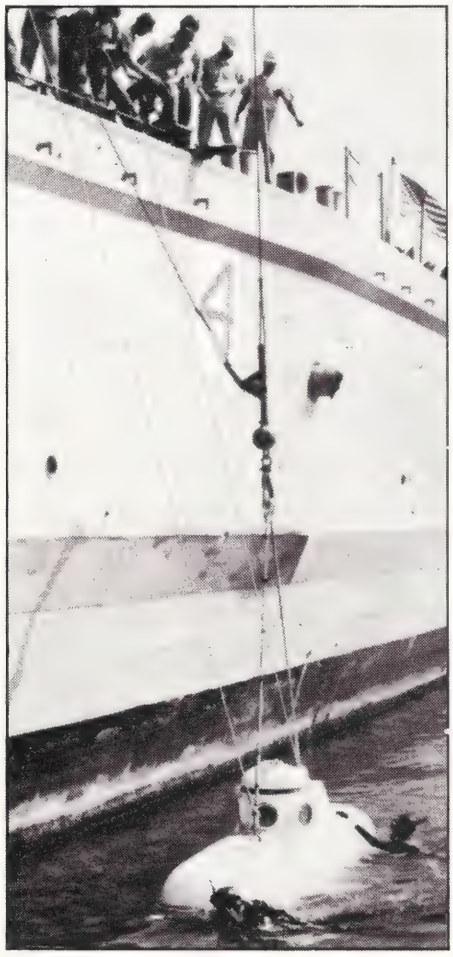
DREAM A LITTLE DREAM

Dreams don't always die first as Henry Winkler proves in *The One, The Only,* the story of Andy Schmidt, who from childhood, has had his eyes focused on one thing — the lights of Broadway. But after arriving in the Big Apple with his bride (Kim Darby), he quickly realizes unemployment and poverty. That soon changes, though, when he meets midget actor Milton Miller who also wrestles in the ring for extra money, and who shows Schmidt there's more than one way to grab the spotlight. Winkler, of course, has had very little time for dreams of this kind. He was already on his way even as a student at the Yale School of Drama from which he graduated with a Master of Fine Arts degree.

Continued

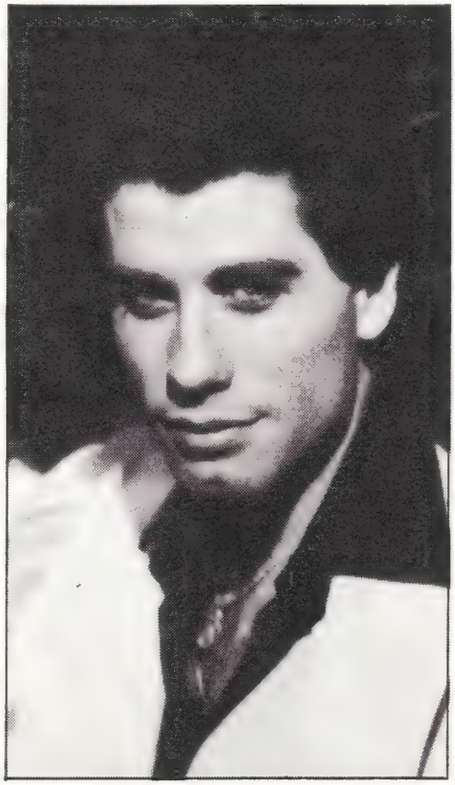
IN FOCUS

NO HARD HAT HERE
After his stunning performance as the rough and tough Tony in *Looking For Mr. Goodbar,* Richard Gere (centre) is keeping himself busy with two films this year, a western called *Days of Heaven* and *Bloodbrothers,* in which he plays the son and workmate of a construction worker. Paul Scorvino (left) and Tony Lo Bianco also star in the film.



GRAY LADY DOWN
Gray Lady Down is a film that documents the accidental sinking of an American nuclear submarine miles from its base and the subsequent rescue operations to save its crew. If *Gray Lady* sounds like some hokey disaster movie, be forewarned. It was all shot in documentary fashion, including the nearly fatal collision with a freighter that causes the submarine to sink 1400 feet in the ocean. Playing the submarine commander is Charleton Heston. This marks film number 51 for the 54-year-old actor.

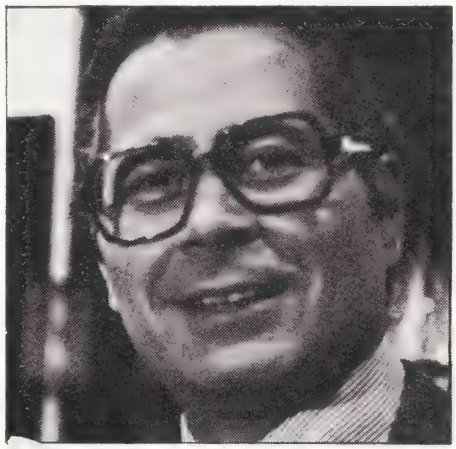
PAST HIS PRIME?
John Travolta in praise of older women (and men): "Most of the people I know who are stimulating happen to be older tham me. They're more accepting of me and a lot more experienced. Youth is so tentative, so grasping and there's something settling about being around older people. I'm always revolving and the people around me aren't. That makes me calm."

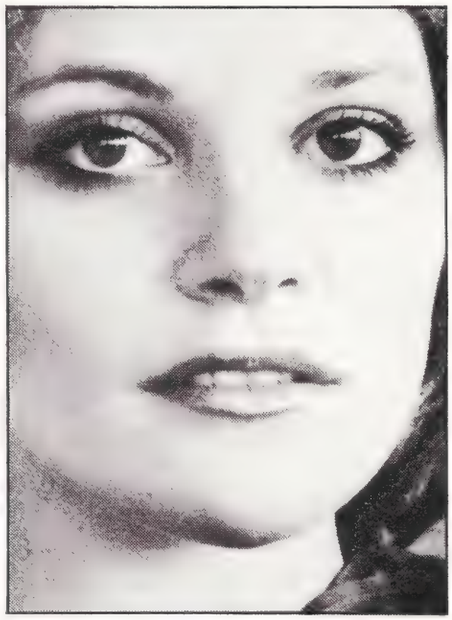


EX-MAMA SINGS AGAIN
It seems actress Michelle Phillips may be over her diffidence about singing. *Victim of Romance,* her first album since the Mamas and the Papas went their separate ways many years ago, was Phillips idea, but one that took much time to reach fruition. "I just wasn't ready for music, even with a group. I wasn't secure enough without John (her ex-husband and leader of the Mamas and Papas) or Cass. But I finally realized it was alright. Even with the group, Denny didn't write, John didn't think he sang very well and Cass was insecure about her body. In fact, she had decided never to tour with us after our first album because she didn't want to get on stage with me." Of course that all changed when Cass saw *California Dreaming* climbing the charts.

JUST A LITTLE LOVING NOW AND THEN
Ex-Supreme Diana Ross gets some consolation from director Sidney Lumet on the set of *The Wiz,* the soon-to-be-released film adaptation of the broadway hit based on the immortal classic, *The Wizard of Oz*. It seems Ross is getting a lot of attention from her peers, unnecessarily we think, because she likes to be treated as a V.I.P. As soon as shooting commenced, Ross told producers she wanted her own apartment in Manhattan complete with amenities.

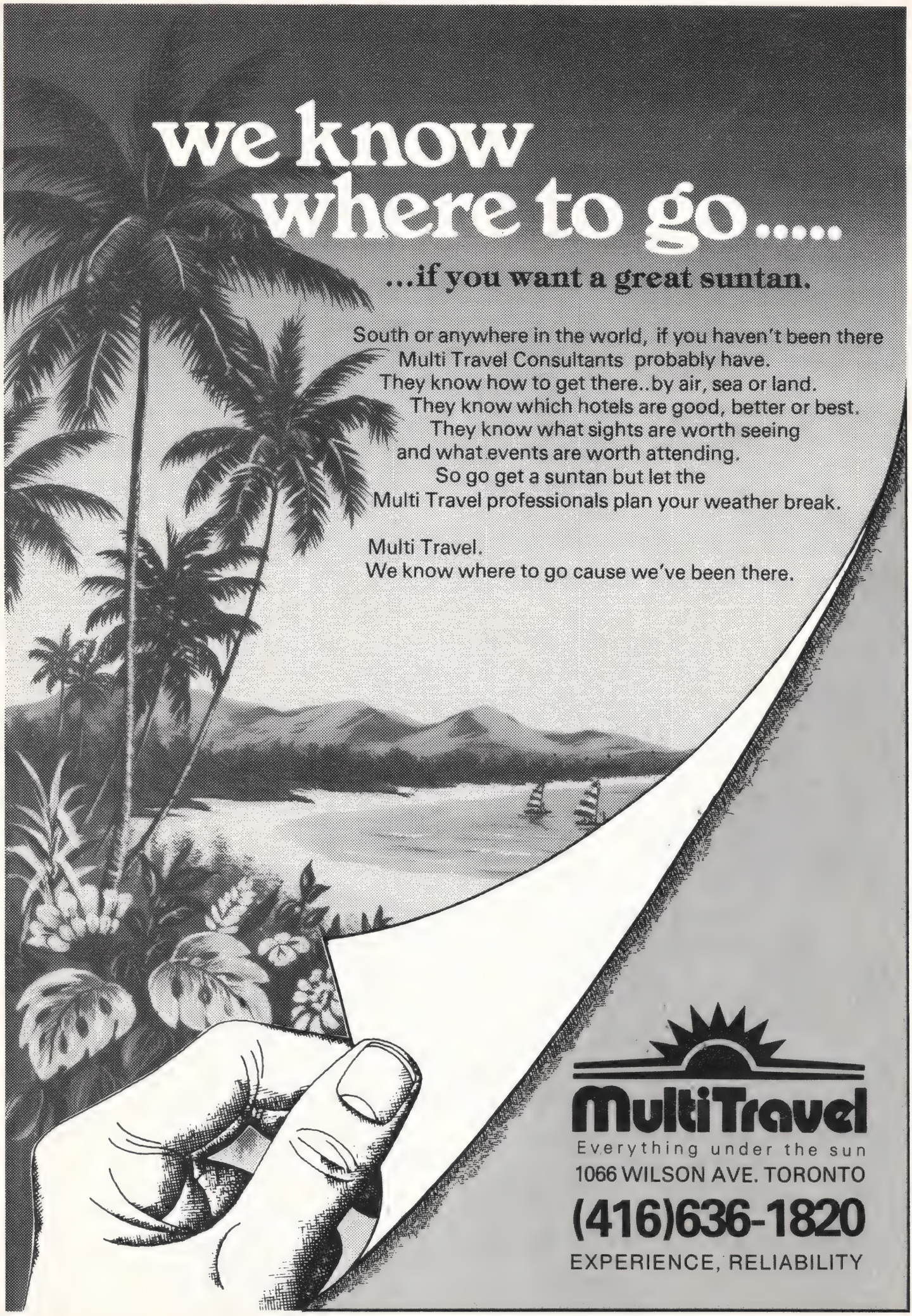
I MISS YOU, HUGS AND KISSES
The resemblance to convicted murderer Peter Demeter is striking and that's why actor Donald Pilon is playing the Hungarian in the upcoming *I Miss You, Hugs and Kisses*. While shooting in Toronto, A & M Records president, Gerry Lacoursiere gave up his spacious Scarborough office to the camera crew for "work" scenes.





RED CARPET TREATMENT
When 26-year-old Helen Shaver received a supporting actress nomination at the 1977 Canadian Film Awards for her role as the progressive young school teacher in *Who Has Seen the Wind,* little did she know her hometown of St. Thomas, Ont. would give her a star's welcome. When the film opened in the small town near London, her name was emblazoned on the theatre's marquee and she walked in amidst photographers, cameramen and her old high school band. Shaver is now working on *Highballing* with Peter Fonda, as a lead, and we're wondering how her fans in St. Thomas are going to outdo themselves on this one.

THE ROAD ROCKET
The Corvette Stingray is the only sportscar built in America and as director Matthew Robbins points out, the sleek rocket epitomizes what every healthy young boy is interested in. That's why he made *Stingray,* the story of a loner (Mark Hamill) who customizes his car in auto-shop class and becomes obsessed with the little baby. As the naïve hero of George Lucas' *Star Wars,* Hamill may have mastered those high-speed inter-galactic space vehicles, but on this outing he flys fast on terra firma. ■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by BRUCE PITTMAN

INGMAR BERGMAN'S EYES

Cinematographer Sven Nykvist, has translated 20 worlds in 20 films

Continued

When cinematographer Sven Nykvist first worked with Swedish director Ingmar Bergman in 1953 on a film called *The Naked Night*, it was the beginning of a partnership that has yet to cause any squalls in artistic visions. Bergman may have mastered the visual possibilities of the cinema, but Nykvist is the one who has translated his perceptions of 20 worlds in 20 films, winning an Academy Award in 1974 for *Cries and Whispers*. His latest is *The Serpent's Egg*, a horror story set in Berlin during the week of November 3rd, 1923, the week Hitler made his putsch in Munich and laid the seed of Nazism to grow in Germany.

Based on an original screenplay by Bergman, the story involves a man named Abel Rosenberg (David Carradine) and his brother's wife, Manuela (Liv Ullmann) who come to Berlin to work, and who eventually get caught in the web of fright gripping the city. Although Hitler is never seen, his politics and force are always implied through the apathy of a poverty-stricken people too scared to become reactionary nationalists.

Before he met Bergman 25 years ago, Nykvist had been a director of photography for nearly 10 years. "I had always thought I would be best working on documentaries he says, but when I did meet Ingmar he gave me a new point of view."

"After 18 years of marriage to Ingmar not much has to be said between us in terms of what the other desires in the way of photography."

Nykvist's approach to cinematography is simplicity; the idea that if the effect of photography is removed, as in a lot of lighting, then the creation of atmosphere will be inevitable. "I always find myself starting with a lot of light and gradually taking it away. It is important to know how to work with darkness as well as light. Darkness is essential to atmosphere. I work along classical lines, however. If you do not have light in the eyes of an actor the audience will feel no contact with him.

"I have learned all this from personal experience and from working with Ingmar. In the film *Winterlight* we built a church in the studio and I had no possibility of doing studio lighting. So I developed my own technique of indirect lighting in which shadows are eliminated. "Sometimes you have to change your style to suit the script. With *The Tenant*, Roman Polanski wanted control over the camera movement. He left the lighting to me."

"I don't mind the change, really. It's my job to create an intimate relationship if the film is going to be good." ■

Flowers everywhere, of course. But Holland is also windmills that talk, restaurants in castles, and whole towns that live in the past.

The words "Holland" and "flowers" have become almost synonymous. It's not surprising then, that the first stop on the popular Grand Holland motor-coach day-trip (about $19 per person from Amsterdam) is Aalsmeer, site of the world's largest flower auction, where carts piled high with cut blooms are snapped up by dealers and winged within hours all over the world.

Another must-see trip is a visit to Volendam and Marken, where villagers wear traditional costumes—including wooden shoes—and live in painted houses along the port. And it costs about $13.00 per person.

The point is, distances are short in Holland. Even if your time is limited, you'll be astounded at how much of the country you can see—either by taking excursion tours like the ones mentioned above, or on your own in a rented car—which, by the way, will cost you less in Holland than in most places in Europe.

One of the Dutch towns plucked straight from the past.

Drive to a castle for dinner. Just south-east of Utrecht is Doorwerth Castle, whose great hall

This windmill says "Daughter getting married."

has been converted into one of Holland's finest and most spectacular restaurants. People are often surprised to find any castles at all in Holland, but the fact is, the country has almost 300!

And, about those windmills... Yes, there are still lots of windmills in Holland. And, yes they can talk! Somewhere back in the 17th century, an inventive Dutch miller reasoned that by setting the mill's huge blades in certain positions, he could broadcast messages to the whole village. With its blades stopped at a 45° angle, his mill would be saying: "Taking a rest, no grinding this week." In another position, and decorated with flags and finery (as in the picture here) his mill would shout out the joy of a wedding celebration.

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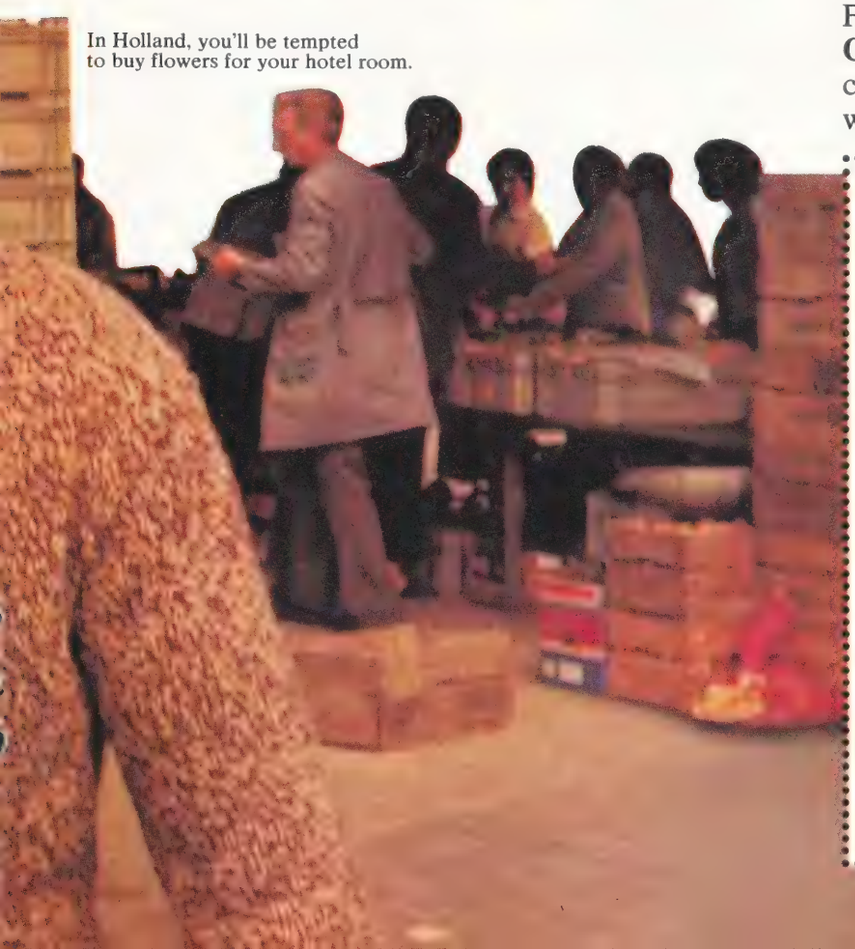

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Top left: Beller and Seymour: all's fair in love and war; bottom left: Tommy Lee Jones as a slick racing car driver. Right: Olivier at 90; far right: the Hardeman mansion.

The saga of an Empire

And Kathleen Beller is heiress to it all, in more ways than one.

by Michael Ryval

"They weren't real people to me at the beginning," says Kathleen Beller, a dark-eyed beauty of 21 whose innocent good looks still belie her age. "But by the end of the film it was easy."

Beller, as Betsy, the great granddaughter and heiress to the automotive empire of Loren Hardeman Sr. in the film adaptation of Harold Robbins, melodramatic novel, has since come down from cloud nine with some of the savvy her co-workers showed her. Those co-workers? Laurence Olivier, Robert Duvall, Tommy Lee Jones (*The Amazing Howard Hughes)* and Katharine Ross, among others.

"It was watching some of the best people in the business — in one scene I was closer to Olivier than the camera — so I just kept watching," she says, adding that by the end of shooting she was still questioning what it would take for her to do all the things they have mastered on screen.

Experience, for one. But judging by Beller's past credits she will, within the next few years, be a hot property in Hollywood. Like some of her fellow soap opera graduates, Beller has already taken the steps that will bring

Continued on next page

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The saga of an Empire

Continued

her closer to the front lines. Like Mark Hamill and Karen Lynne Gorney , Beller has managed to plant herself in *the* plumb role, this time as the innocent Betsy, "one of the few down to earth people in the film. Sure, she lives in a very protected world, sheltered, but she can see through it all." And like her peers, she has shown that whatever may be said of soap operas, they are still one of the best training grounds for anyone starting out.

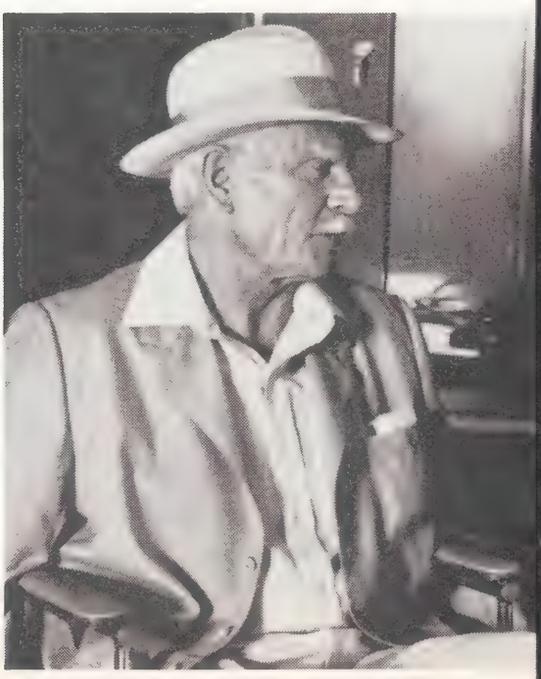
"I played this very innocent, naïve girl on *Search For Tomorrow* who was supposed to be smart but kept getting into ridiculous messes."

That role lasted two years, and she has never lingered over it. She doesn't hide the fact, though, that she dropped out of television acting for six months after that to live and work at the Club Med in Cancun, Mexico.

"It was a real paradise; it felt more real than Los Angeles which is one of the most insane places around."

But Beller went back. And stayed. About a year ago she played the lead in the film-for-television *Mary White*.

She played another "innocent", this time the post-World War I child of a newspaper editor who championed all sorts of causes before her time. Mary White died in a riding accident, all very tragic, but the film won raves and an award at a festival in the Virgin Islands.



Then came *The Betsy*. It's an unabashed potboiler, with a measure of class, though. "I don't really know why Olivier took the role (of the patriarchal Loren Hardeman)," says Beller, "but when he signed to do it, everybody else joined."

Beller has her really big scene at Betsy's society debut, the "coming of age" that almost taxes Betsy beyond her limit. For one, her father, played by Duvall, suddenly arrives with his mistress. Her mother, played by Jane Alexander, makes a hell of a scene. Then, on top of it all, her great-grandfather, played by Olivier with lecherous gusto as a 90-year-old, announces to everybody Betsy will inherit half his empire.

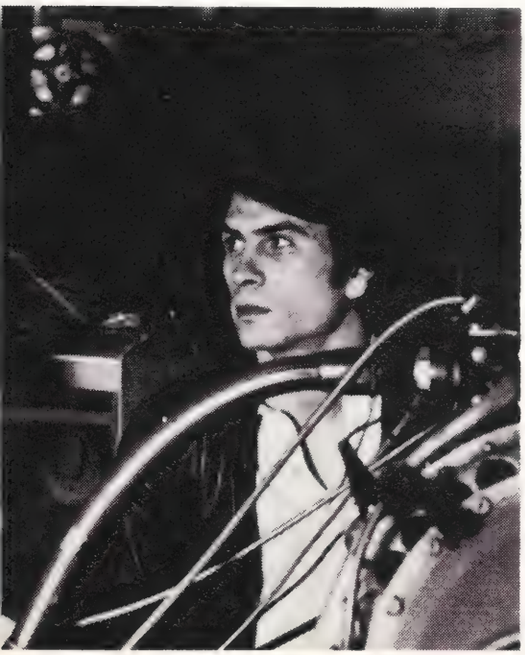
Betsy wonders: am I crazy or is the world crazy? So she breaks down. Who should comfort her but Angelo Perino, played by up-and-coming Tommy Lee Jones who's now shooting *Eyes* with Faye Dunaway in New York.

Beller, in fact, plays most of her scenes opposite Jones, who, as she puts it, "worms his way into the industry and eventually takes over the company." The Perino character is actually temperamentally related to Hardeman Senior — hard-working, hard-loving and car crazy.

Contrary to the original book, Perino and Betsy (after whom the company's new car is named) get married. "At least, it's implied in the film," says Beller.

She's been busy since The Betsy, too, playing a lead role, opposite George C. Scott, in the first half of *Double Feature*. She plays the sister of a boxer and is rapidly going blind: "It's a period piece, a take-off, but very deadpan."

After that Beller says she'd like to make good films and be able to travel." I get restless and have a tendency to take off at the wrong times. So, what I'd love is to make a film in Europe. That'd be great." ■



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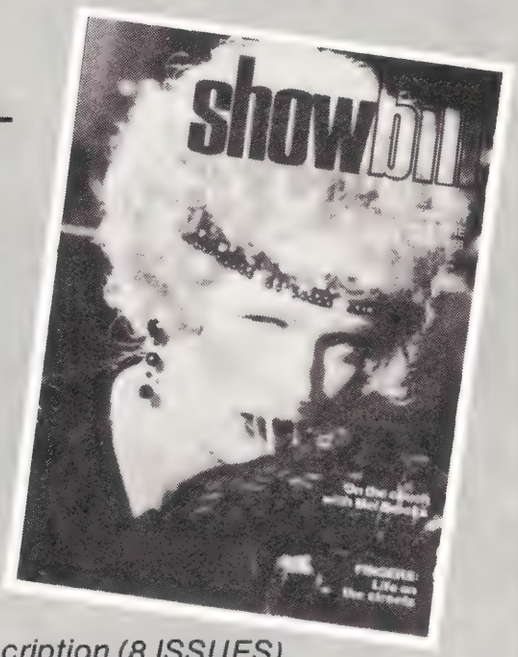

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JANE FONDA IN THE '70s

She takes on the corporate tyrant with a new fervor

by Jane Hawtin

"Corporate tyranny is not as easy to recognize, as easy to get churned up about as it was during the Vietnam war, but if we don't begin to confront the problem and deal with it, there's not going to be any future."

Jane Fonda leans forward intently on this last pronouncement and gestures in the air with her cigarette, almost as if to impart the gravity of her message. A few months ago she faced the news media at Union College in Schenectady, New York, the scene of her latest bout with American politics. And as they had done in the late '60s, the reporters renewed their suspicions of Fonda's revived activism.

There was an unsubtle reminder that she herself was making her living off the corporations that maintain the movie industry. Though her answers were punctuated with long pauses, accentuating her nervousness and desire to be understood, the message was clear. Jane Fonda was, and is, attacking the life blood of the United States: the large company, the conglomerate , or in her own words, "the corporate tyrant.".

"The problem is not gay rights, blacks, affirmative action, the Panama Canal or abortion. The problem is corporate power. These men behind closed doors make the decisions that determine everything that is important in our lives. That is the problem.

"For the first time in our lives we're running out of time, air, water, natural resources, but the alternative is economic democracy. Average citizens, consumers and workers must be able to have real democratic input in economic decision making at every level."

Fonda is not just spouting idealistic truisms, she's also pointing accusing fingers. She blames one big chemical company for giving its workers testicle cancer by polluting the air with dibromochloropropane. She condemns Del Monte for exploiting cheap Mexican labour and leaving a trail of unemployed Americans, and she claims General Electric paid out 550,000 dollars in overseas bribes last year.

Fonda is naming names. She has already earned herself the title of "avowed communist sympathizer" from one huge corporation, but she has never been very concerned about what people thought of her. Her activities during the Vietnam War resulted in the same kind of name calling, in fact, and one senator said he wouldn't be unhappy if someone cut her tongue out. Despite the political successes she's already enjoyed, she downplays her contribution. "Why do famous people have to appear as more than what they are? The people who really did the work, the ones who showed real bravery and risked a tremendous amount and lost jobs, will never be heard from. I was chosen by the media to be the spokesperson for the left in the early '70s. I wasn't the spokesperson. I just took a difficult stand at a difficult time in American history."

The Jane Fonda of the late '70s is again taking a difficult stand, but the motivation now is different. In the late '60s it was sheer gut reaction to the savagery being immortalized on film. "When you watch soldiers being shot and students demonstrating on the six o'clock news it's hard not to say: 'Hey, people are getting beaten up and a lot of them are women. I better find out what's happening."

Today the drive comes from her husband Tom Hayden, the man behind her frenzy of movies (five in the past 18 months) and the reason she's back touring the campus circuit. Hayden, formerly of the Chicago Seven, is the head of the Campaign for Economic Democracy and a senatorial hopeful in California.

He is also the reason why Fonda has formed her own film company, I.P.C.

(Indochina Peace Campaign). Both envision producing movies that reflect their beliefs, political and moral.

"I always feel a responsibility for any movie I make, at least I have for the past seven years," says Fonda. "The reason I wanted to do *Fun With Dick and Jane* was because it *was* about the bottom dropping out of the American middle class.

"*Julia* is an entertaining movie, but it is also an intelligent movie about brave and committed people.

"And now there's my new film, *Coming Home*. It was an original idea from a group of us who were involved in the anti-war movement. It's entertaining for the same reason that *Julia* is, but it's an extremely controversial movie. I think it relates to anyone who went through the last 15 years and in some way was touched and changed by it."

Coming Home will be the first production of I.P.C., one in which Fonda has a sex scene which she describes as "explicit".

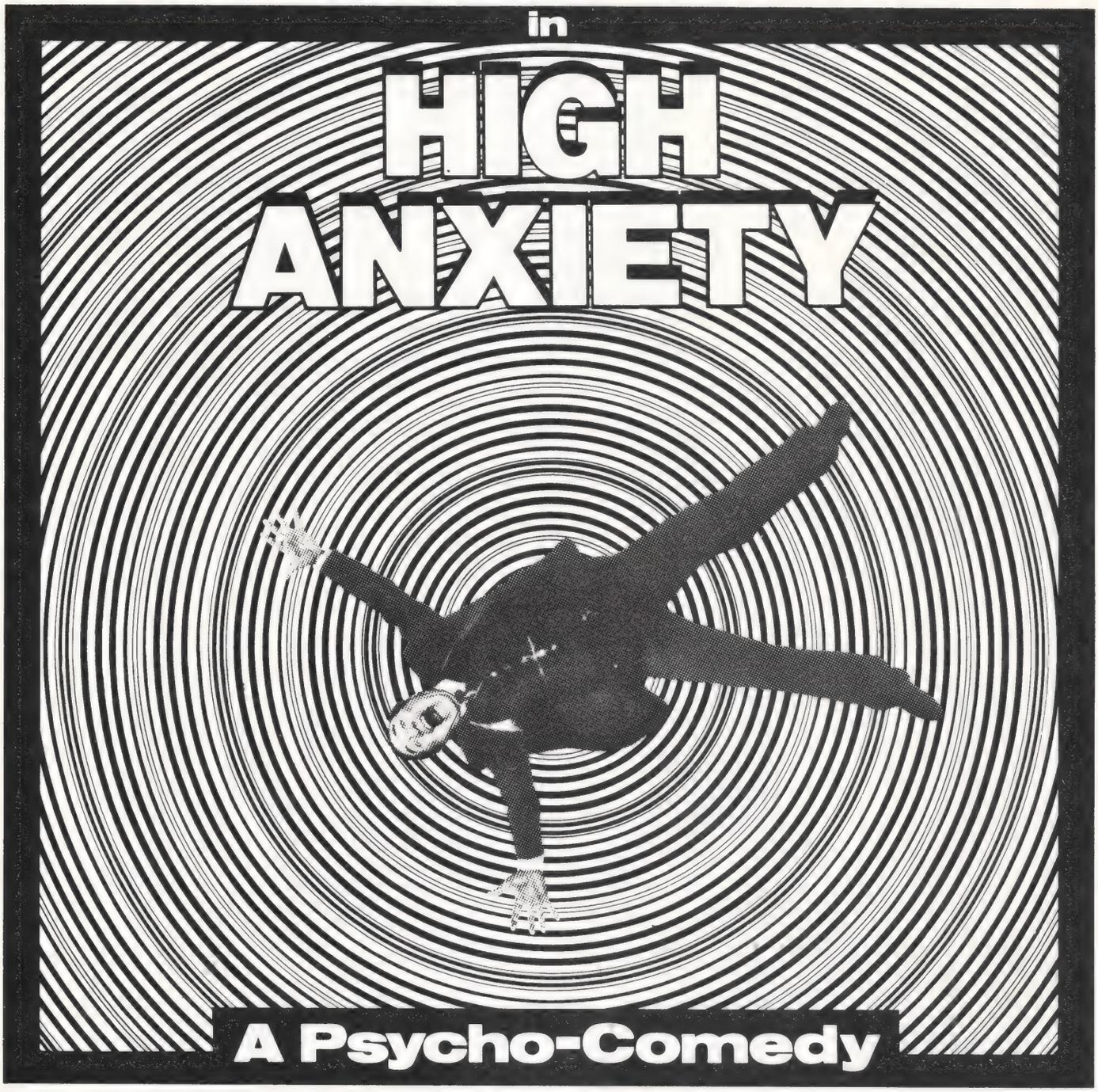
The story of a paraplegic Vietnam war veteran who becomes involved with an officer's wife intrigued her. "For years I worked with American soldiers who were opposed to the war".

"And, she adds, "Its about people trying to make some kind of meaning out of their lives, confronted by problems they had no role in creating." ■

Fonda and Jon Voight: "I think it (Coming Home) relates to anyone who went through the last 15 years and was touched by it," she says.

MEL BROOKS

in



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OPENS SOON AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU

Jacob Two-Two meets the Hooded Fang

There's a story being told these days about nine-year-old actor Steven Rosenberg from Montreal. It seems that Rosenberg, so taken with all the attention given him on the set of the upcoming children's fantasy-adventure, *Jacob Two-Two meets the Hooded Fang,* is now walking around demanding that everyone call him Steven Star.

He may not be singing Streisand's theme song yet. He's too young to be humble, but not too young to be duly arrogant. As the wide-eyed Jacob Two-Two, the principal character and scapegoat of Mordecai Richler's wryly amusing children's story on which this film is based, Rosenberg may soon become the talk of the town.

Richler says he promised his own children he would write them a story two years ago and what he delivered interested producers so much, they decided to make a 90-minute film from it. Richler's daughter Marfa has a bit part in the film as the "intrepid Shapiro" who walks around in day-glo jeans and a T-shirt emblazoned with the words Child Power.

As biting and satirically witty as the best of his novels, Two-Two involves the youngest of five children; six-year-old Jacob, who is given to repeating himself twice because no one ever listens to him. the first time. His family even has a tough time entrusting him with the grocery shopping down the street from their house, telling Jacob he is too young to be doing grown-up things. His own daydreaming takes him on a wild adventure (of the Lewis Carroll kind) to Slimers' Isle where he is imprisoned for insulting the grocer (for saying twice he wanted some tomatoes) guarded by wolverines, snakes, beetles and the horrible Hooded Fang (played by Alex Karras) who hates children with a Passion. And even though the disciplining techniques used by Master Fish (Ivan Lecuyer) and Mistress Fowl (Joy Coghille) frighten most of the children into silence, Jacob Two-Two still manages to emerge as the hero, with the help of his brother and sister.

Of course the villians are obvious and rightly overthrown. Parents who take their children to see *Jacob Two-Two* will probably think twice themselves before telling them they're too young to be doing "adult" chores. For once, here is a movie that not only caters to children, but adults as well. There's something to be learned from it, and that in itself is worth seeing. ■

Master Fish

Alex Karras as the Hooded Fang

Steven Rosenberg as Jacob Two-Two

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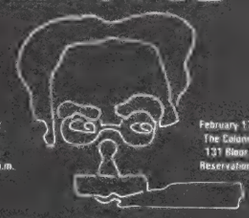

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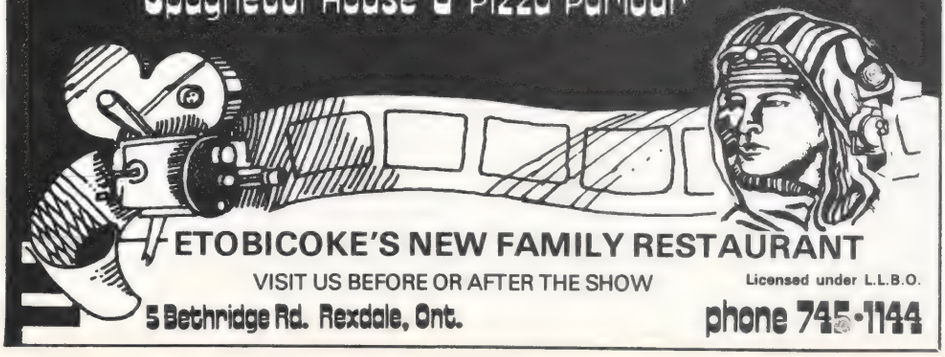

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All things Canadian

Joyce Weiland radiates creative energy. As a kind of hybrid artist in a seemingly pseudo-cultural Canada, where creativity is usually accompanied by conscious intimidation, Weiland discards her critics with carefree abandon.

Her time has been consumed by both the film industry and by an unusual project, only recently completed. When the new Spadina subway line opens, the Randall St. entrance (in an old Victorian house) will be decorated with a massive wall-hanging that is Weiland's and sister Joan Stuart's creation, a 30 by 7 foot pastel quilt with 15 appliqued caribou and a certain essential northern beauty. Aided by 12 other people for almost a year, Weiland says she likes the ecological theme of the work and "the identification with the land." Paid $32,000 for the quilt, she is still fuming over her critics' attacks on the money being spent to commission various artists to enhance the walls of the subway line. "They're telling me I don't have a right to work," she says. "Considering the breakdown costs, it is an average wage."

Considering her impeccable eye for "things Canadian" and her un-

Weiland and sister Joan Stuart: a year's work.

by Roland Jergins

derstanding of the country's visual identity, it is not difficult to see why these themes are provocative features of her work in film.

Weiland's first commercial movie was *The Far Shore,* an unfortunate example of what can happen to a film in this country between its conceptualization and eventual execution. As both producer and director of *The Far Shore,* Weiland does not hesitate to admit that making the movie very nearly put her into hospital. She went the rounds against massive political, financial, and 'nationalistic' red tape to even get the film completed — only to be felled by a TKO from the critics who gleefully panned the final results. Few reviewers mentioned that the film included photography of Northern Canada that in itself was worth the price of admission, photography of a startling clarity and cleanliness that somehow stands at the heart of what Weiland was trying to do in *The Far Shore.* It's a vote of confidence and no real surprise to find Weiland now as producer of a film version of Margaret Laurence's *The Diviners.* Long praised for her ability to capture a sense of Canadiana on paper without over-kill, Laurence could not have found a more understanding sense of visual Canada than Weiland possesses.

With any luck — not an abundant commodity in this country — Joyce Weiland will be able to translate her vision onto film without encountering any of the unnecessary evils that plagued her earlier movie effort. ■

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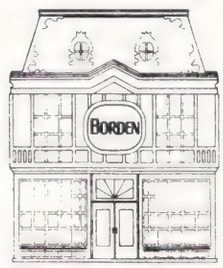

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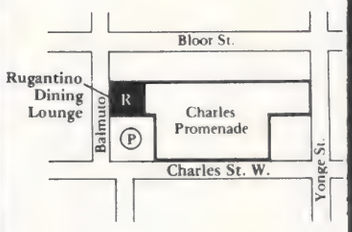

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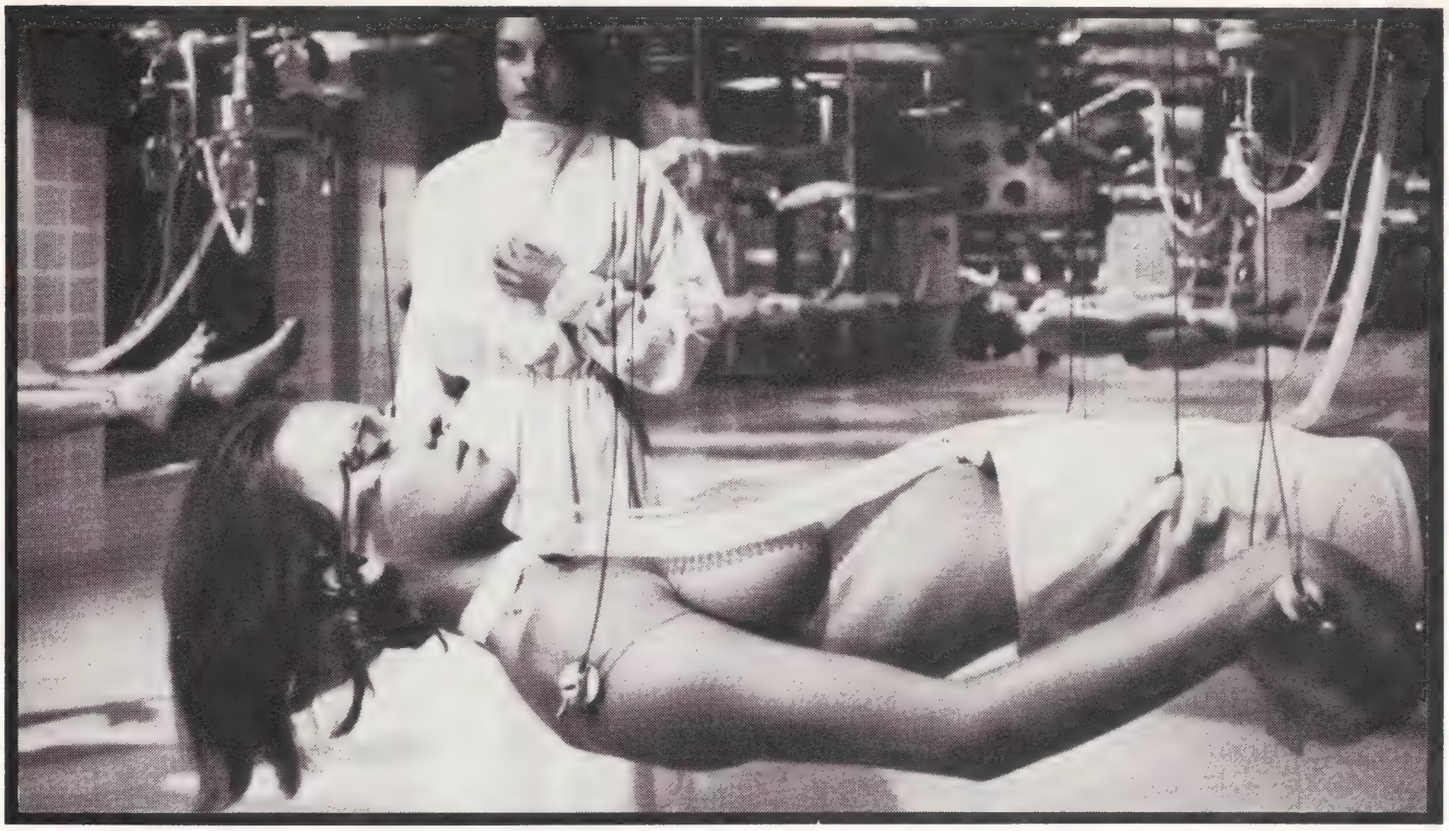


THE DEEP SLEEP

by John Lownsbrough

"*Coma,*" says director Michael Chricton of his thriller about skullduggery in medical circles "derives its strength as entertainment from its fictional, fanciful treatment of a real problem. It is realistic but not real, provocative but not controversial. I like to believe that, like myself, people enjoy movie thrillers because they are fun. People like to be scared but not frightened. They love a movie that makes them think but doesn't interfere with the entertainment values."

That premise has always found particular favor in Hollywood; amid the shifting variables of the marketplace, here is a constant. And it's a premise that seems to hold especially true now, at a time when costs have decimated film production and the tendency around the major studios is to focus energies into only a handful of pictures. Keeping one's eye on the bottom line of production expenses — such a habit, in itself, can be a scary experience.

Coma is based on the best seller by Dr. Robin Cook, a Boston ophthamologist. It is about an intern (played in the film by Genevieve Bujold), who discovers that some doctors in the hospital where she works are deliberately killing people off so they can sell their organs on the black market for transplants. Its director, Michael Chricton, is also a doctor and is himself a best selling novelist - *The Andromeda Strain, The Great Train Robbery.*

Bullitt had its car chases; so did *The French Connection. The Poseidon Adventure* had Shelley Winters. Now *Coma* offers us the Jefferson Institute where, in some dark, computerized recess, comatose patients are kept, uh, on ice. Bodies suspended in air from ceiling wires are ministered to by tubes in a room meant to resemble a giant mechanical womb. The Womb Room is *Coma's* principal "Talking Point."

Running scared among the body snatchers is plucky Genevieve Bujold. Her presence here in the central role illustrates further the current Hollywood trend to provide strong leads for actresses after a lengthy spell when such parts were at a premium. It also signifies Bujold's evident determination to consolidate her position in mainstream filmmaking. It hasn't been so long since her beginnings in more rarified art house fare such as *La Guerre Est Finie* and *King of Hearts,* as well as the murky parables of ex-husband Paul Almond. And in the meantime, Bujold's commercial track record has included *Anne of a Thousand Days* (the Hal Wallis costume spectacle with Richard Burton; her first big splash), *Obsession, Swashbuckler* and *Earthquake* (the only note of class in that Sensurround Schlockfest). Most recently, she appeared opposite James Caan in Claude Lelouch's misbegotten *Another Man, Another Chance;* coming up is *Hanover Street,* a WW2-set love triangle, with Kris Kristofferson and Christopher Plummer as the other points of the isoceles.

Her co-stars in *Coma* are Michael Douglas, who became a household name in TV's *Streets of San Francisco* and a financial expert as a producer of *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest;* veteran actor Richard Widmark, who began his 30-year screen career as a grinning psychopath in *Kiss of Death,* went on to laconic leads and now usually plays crusty-but-benign character roles; Elizabeth Ashley, who resembles a younger Taluulah Bankhead and whose erratic career has fluctuated between the stage (*Barefoot in the Park*) and films (her debut was *The Carpetbaggers* with ex-husband George Peppard); and the mercurial Rip Torn, whose offscreen achievements have included taking a bite out of Norman Mailer's ear during a brawl.

"People have a primal fear of the ocean and *Jaws* titillated that phobia," says *Coma* producer Martin Erlichman. "In a similar manner *Coma* accents one's primal fear of hospitals, an even stronger phobia because a person can always refrain from going into the water but cannot always avoid the necessity of going into a hospital."

Fear for fun and profit: If one is going to draw comparisons, there's no reason not to do so with one of the biggest fishes of them all. ■

The eyes have it...

Giancarlo Giannini stares from the screen and it matters not that he's speaking italian

by Ray Bennett

The eyes, of course, have it. Big, round cow's eyes melting with doleful Neapolitan charm. Giancarlo Giannini stares from the screen and it matters not that he's speaking Italian or that subtitles flicker below. He uses the camera the way Paul Newman or Michael Caine do. It's the language of film all masterful actors possess and Giannini has it in spades.

Mention Giannini and the name Lina Wertmuller comes to mind for it's been in that Roman filmmaker's pictures that he has achieved his success — *Seduction of Mimi, Love and Anarchy, Swept Away,* and, especially, *Seven Beauties.*

Now comes Wertmuller's first North American production, *A Night Full of Rain,* which actually has a clumsier full title — *The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain.* Giannini stars with Candice Bergen as journalists who fall in love and marry but find their lives pulling them in different directions.

The film is being used to fully launch Giannini and Wertmuller in North America but, in fact, Giannini has made at least one other American picture. He co-starred with Anthony Quinn and Virna Lisi in Stanley Kramer's disappointing 1969 film, *The Secret of Santa Vittoria.*

Giannini, 34, and well-established as one of Italy's top stars, created a furor on the Italian stage when he was 20 by unzipping his fly while playing Romeo in a Franco Zeffirelli production of *Romeo and Juliet.* Later he staged a controversial Hamlet in hippie-fashion, dancing the boogie woogie and using Yorick's skull as a soccer ball.

Born in Genoa and raised in Naples, he was set to follow in his father's footsteps as an electrical engineer but barely out of high school he signed up for a three-year course in drama. Impatient, he quit the course mid-way to play Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Italian television beckoned and he starred in a 12-part adaptation of *David Copperfield*. Then Lina Wertmuller appeared on the scene. Their first movie together was *Rita the Mosquito* in which the director billed herself as George Brown. When Zeffirelli staged her play *Two and Two No Longer Make Four*, in 1968, Giannini was the natural choice and became a fixture when Wertmuller returned to films.

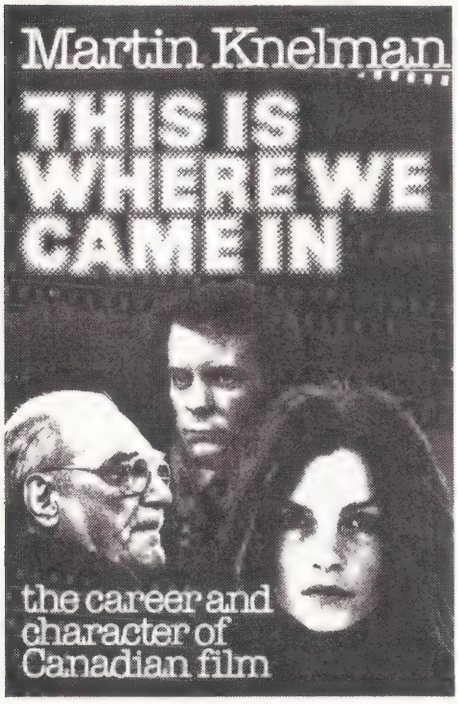
His other credits include Sergio Corbucci's *Eight Wheel Drive*, *The Pizza Triangle*, with Monica Vitti and Marcello Mastroianni, and Lucchino Visconti's last picture, *The Innocent*. But it has been with Wertmuller that Giannini has projected best his cinematic magic.

They are partners, with executive producer Arrigo Colombo, in the production company, Liberty Film, which made *A Night Full of Rain*. Giannini, who lives in Rome, also does a lot of work dubbing English-language films into Italian. His was the voice Italian movie goers heard coming out of Ryan O'Neal in Stanley Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon*, which must have been an improvement.

Married, with two small children, Giannini is clearly bent on an international career. That doesn't happen too often for European actors these days. The era of the Charles Boyers and Rossano Brazzis is over. The likes of Alain Delon, Jean-Paul Belmondo and Mastroianni are, of course, familiar to North American filmgoers but they are much firmer on home ground.

Omar Sharif is a curious exception but, there again, the eyes have it. It remains to be seen whether or not, with a Hollywood script, Giancarlo Giannini's remarkable eyes retain their magic. ■

BOOK REVIEW



THIS IS WHERE WE CAME IN
by Martin Knelman
McClelland and Stewart, $5.95

People are being very nice to Martin Knelman and this book, a stiff paperback original on Canada's movie scene, in particular the relative breakthrough to an "industry" of the last few years. The book was glowingly reviewed in *The Globe and Mail* by Urjo Kareda, literary manager at Stratford, Ontario.

The book jacket calls Martin Knelman "Canada's foremost movie critic". It's true that he, deservedly, built up a following in his daily reviewing days at *The Globe* in the earlier 1970s. Especially considering his youth, Knelman has done well, particularly in a country which dislikes making stars, and that won't easily make a star out of a critic. But "Canada's foremost..."? Probably, Clyde Gilmour deserves that description more. He provokes opinions strong enough to be scorned by some film enthusiasts, while others hang him up in the kitchen, so reliable a guide they find him.

I'm glad to draw attention to a worthwhile book, even if its modest nature and brevity make one wonder whether the Canada Council's "Senior Arts Fellowship" (bestowed on the author and duly acknowledged in a foreword) was absolutely essential.

To revive an old journalistic tradition, here are a few orchids and onions on Knelman's observations.

An orchid: "In *Hollywood's Canada,* Pierre Berton wrote a whole book about the way Hollywood distorted the world's image of Canada. According to Berton, Hollywood got the fur hats wrong, got the totem poles wrong, got the RCMP wrong, got just about everything about Canada's people and history wrong...My guess is that it wouldn't bother us that much if we had a more valid picture of ourselves to project in its place. Hollywood has stopped making movies

about Canada, and now we have a chance to do it ourselves."

Another orchid: "Most of this *(Black Christmas)* will be forgotten, but a performance like Marian Waldman's portrayal of the sorority mother who swears adorably and dips into her Canadian Club and even sings a little ditty before she makes an ill-fated trip to the attic—well, that's something that tests one's power to forgive. Someone has been spending too much time watching Ruth Gordon in *Rosemary's Baby*."

An onion: Still the greatest movie ever made in this country was Claude Jutra's *Mon Oncle Antoine*... (His) *Kamouraska* must be the most delicately modulated epic since D.W. Griffith's silent masterpieces."

I have nothing against Claude Jutra but I think Don Shebib's *Goin' Down The Road* is, thus far, the best film made in Canada. But we have yet to see a truly *great* Canadian film. There are not many great films made anywhere but a few titles suggest some, in the many years between Griffith and Jutra, which Mr. Knelman glosses over. How about *The Gold Rush, All Quiet On The Western Front, How Green Was My Valley, The Best Years of Our Lives?* These were epic in scope and all delicately modulated. Knelman saw several Griffith films at the Ontario Film Theatre at about the time of the Jutra films' appearances. That may explain the connection, but an overstatement is still an overstatement.

In brief

COLLECTING MOVIE MEMORABILIA
by Sol Chaneles
Arco Publishing, New York, $11.95

Whether or not you want to get into collecting posters, stills and "curios" relating to old movies, you should enjoy this colorful look at a growing area of nostalgia. There are large, clear reproductions of many pieces of memorabilia and a succinct text which explains the tricks and problems of collecting them. Wisely, the book keeps out of the question of owning actual, complete prints of the films themselves. This is not only an expensive hobby; you may have trouble with the law.

THE FILMS OF FRANK CAPRA
by Victor Scherle and Wm. T. Levy
Citadel Press, New Jersey, $18.00.

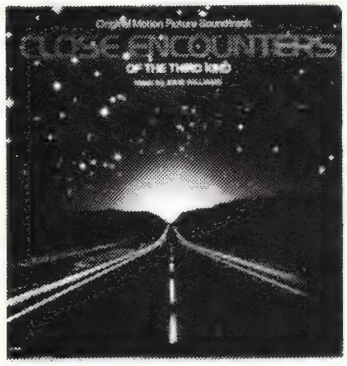
Citadel's valuable series of illustrated biographies, combining glossiness with true scholarship, has now moved from stars to a leading director with this detailed, painstaking account of the great Capra's life and career. One complaint: too many bland tributes to him from the people he's worked with over the years and corresponding space *not* given to things one wants to know e.g., exactly what was cut from *Lost Horizon* and when? ■

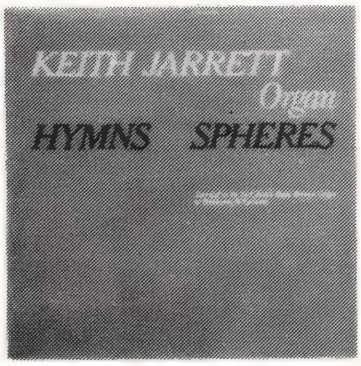
MUSIC REVIEW

by BART TESTA

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND
Composed, conducted and produced by John Williams
(Arista)

That great panoplay of ersatz classical fanfares, Williams' double-disc soundtrack for *Star Wars,* was thrilling enough to hit the charts, a rarity for soundtracks, and to win several Grammy nominations. Unfortunately, his *Close Encounters* score, while used sparingly by Steven Spielberg to great effect in the movie, is a dead loss when heard all at once on the home turntable. Wide swatches of "sound", with just a hint of the ecclesiastical, strive here for religious awe, presumably at



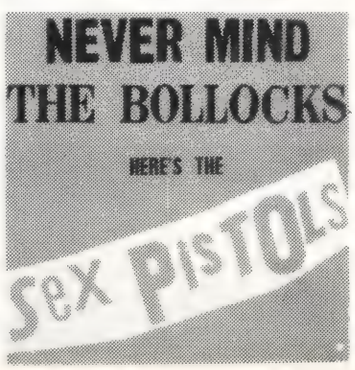
the Void whence have come the aliens. But Williams' music, for all the technical panache of the production, is all effects, anti-melodic and so inflated we almost expect the Moody Blues, pop pioneers in this sort of thing, to materialize at any point to recite a few lines from Yeats' *A Vision*. The only point of interest, "A Conversation" (already a hit in disco arranger Meco Monardo's version, a follow-up to his "Star Wars") is taken from the wonderful funny-peculiar duet between the earthlings and the alien Mothership. For the rest, it is solemn and dull, even the fabled interpolation of "When You Wish Upon a Star." One does wish, by the way, that Spielberg's original conception, which was to have Cliff Edwards sing the original song, had been included here.

HYMNS/SPHERES
(ECM)
STAIRCASE
Keith Jarrett
(ECM)

Hymns/Spheres is an album that succeeds brilliantly in the very attempt at evocation where John Williams failed so abysmally. Keith Jarrett is best known for his solo piano albums which have proven phenomenally popular for having been made by a jazz musician. *Staircase* is the latest of these. Jarrett's piano pieces are very long improvisations that interweave jazz, classical and pop styles. The man's melodic imagination, and memory, is tremendous, his rhythmic sense never less than dazzling and his technique is consistently brilliant. *Staircase,* a double-album, differs slightly from *Facing You, Koln Concert* and the other solo records he's made: the pieces are shorter and more compressed, possibly because Jarrett chose to make the album in a studio rather than in concert as he usually does. If you don't know Jarrett's solo piano music (he also makes other, very good kinds), you will find *Staircase* a delightful introduction. Many people have already.

To get back to *Hymns/Spheres,* however, this album (also a two-disc affair) is not solo piano, but solo organ music. Jarrett recorded it on the Karl Joseph Riepp Baroque Organ at Ottobeuren Abbey in West Germany. At times he does make appreciative references to the 18th-century music for which Reipp built this organ, but his main interest is improvising within a 20th-century musician's language, exploiting the organ's stops and the Abbey's resonance in new ways. What remains from the high baroque of the Abbey's past is a lingering religious feeling, which suggests why *Hymns/Spheres* is the music Williams (might have) intended to create for *Close Encounters.* Like Williams', Jarrett's deployment of sounds is stretched into long swatches, the "spheres" of the title, with moments suggestive of solemn procession, the "hymns." But Jarrett's music is never just as effect and quotes of this kind for, as always with him, an elegant structure hold the improvisations together, welding them into an evocation that really does invoke wonder — and wondering.

NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS, HERE'S THE SEX PISTOLS
The Sex Pistols
(Warner Brothers)

The Sex Pistols have named their debut album well. No matter how much ink the punk rock phenomenon gets—and it has been written up to death—the proof is in the performance. And the Sex Pistols, Britain's first band of punk in reputation and power, are an awesome ensemble and Johnny Rotten, their leader and singer, comes on strong like the Third Industrial Revolution. The sheer anger and onslaught of this album makes good their claim to be avatars of the "New Wave" (even though the inevitability of their vision disrupted the internal



machinery of the band - they have parted company as of this writing) in an era of dottering pop stars out of touch with their audience. Still, how exactly do you listen to "God Bless the Queen" and "Anarchy in the U.K." and the other England-specific songs without feeling like a voyeur? I understand that Russ Meyer, director of *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* and a slew of porno films, is doing the movie, which may help explain why this record won't be played often even by people who like it. What the Sex Pistols, unlike, say, Television or The Clash, have produced is not so much an album of rock, as a document, a text. All of it is calculatedly in the key of fury.

MY AIM IS TRUE
Elvis Costello
(Columbia)

It's a fantasy scenario: A young working nerd, a computer programmer, in fact, tucked away in one of England's less desireable corners nurtures his resentments, social, sexual and existential. He plots by night the revenge of rock stardom, changing his name to something as unlikely as Elvis Costello (Elvis Presley-Lou Costello?), putting together a band and playing in pubs. He gets discovered, becomes a sensation, hears his records played on the radio.

It's true, all of it and *My Aim Is True* is fantastic. Most of the songs are anthems to resentment that seem as maddeningly reasonable as Randy Newman and as savagely incensed as Johnny Rotten's politics. Costello's vocals are expressively throaty, in the style of fellow pub-rocker Graham Parker and the (uncredited) studio band stays out of his way to lay down a solid background of tight bar-band ready-mades. it's Costello's show-and, so, he carries it with insight and intensity and quirkiness that is already deservedly legend. His aim is, like his story, indeed true. ■

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Captions

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Jeanine Watt, Windsor, Ontario.

SECOND PRIZE $25.

"Honest - I push here and I - become Superman!"

Carla Bouwman, Burnaby, B.C.

THIRD PRIZE $10.

Call it, already! The longer you wait, the less this Canadian quarter is worth!

Alex Mogelon, Montreal, Que.

RUNNERS-UP $5.

"My pet rock needs a good massage once in a while!"

John Malta, Jr. High River, Alta

After paying your new fee, a penny for your thoughts is all I can afford"

S. Wood, Halifax, N.S.

"He says he's from another planet"

J. Hamilton, Toronto, Ontario.

"I think my wrist is broken...wanna play doctor?"

Armand Romagnoli, Beamsville, Ontario

"It is NOT a two headed coin."

Micheal Todd Corey, Moncton N.B.

I'm so weak, I sprained my wrist peeling a banana.

Harvey Olanow, Toronto, Ontario

"My wart is gone! Compound W. really works!"

Mary Stathatos, Montreal, Quebec.

"Would you like to see my dancing ant"

Noah Cowan, Toronto, Ontario

"In sign language this means," 'I'm willing if you are'.

G.M. Figliola, Burlington, Ontario

"Alright you win", your apartment or mine?

Stella Martin, Toronto, Ontario.

"Promise not to laugh and I'll show you my wart!"

Cheryl L. Kidlark, Toronto, Ontario

"I'm not kidding, I got a tatoo on my wrist that say's, macho king".

Robert Pitacciato, Montreal, Quebec

MOVIES AT A GLANCE

Showbill's indispensible reference guide to films currently playing across the country

Editor's Note: Due to indefinite or sudden film release dates across the country and limited space, we suggest that our readers retain each issue for handy film reference.

Another Man, Another Chance Lacklustre Western romance. French immigrant whose photographer husband is killed meets veterinarian whose wife is raped and slain. Their courtship seems interminable. Only the director's eye for depicting everyday life in the West holds some interest. The rest is tedium. Genevieve Bujold, James Caan. Director: Claude Lelouch.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind About UFOs and beings from outer space inflated into a gigantic, noisy, ego-trip with special effects. Children may find some of it eye-popping. Strange occurances lead to Wyoming, where scientists and the military await the visitors. Richard Dreyfuss, Teri Garr, Melinda Dillon, Francois Truffaut. Director: Steven Spielberg.

Equus Shattering transferral of hit play to screen, with superb performances. The premise is still shaky — a phlegmatic psychiatrist envies the passion of a boy who blinded horses, and fears that curing him will doom him to mediocrity. But the psychological probing, haunting scenes, and violent climax are mesmerizing. Richard Burton, Peter Firth, Jenny Agutter. Director: Sidney Lumet.

The Gauntlet Action-drama. A Phoenix detective is assigned to protect a woman wanted as a prosecution witness in a mob trial. Clint Eastwood, Sondra Locke, Pat Hingle. Director: C. Eastwood.

The Goodbye Girl Energetic, affable, committed performances elevate thin but enjoyable romantic comedy enhanced by Neil Simon dialogue. Divorced former dancer's actor-lover has just left and surreptitiously sublet their apartment. New tenant, a struggling actor, moves in with her and 10-year-old daughter. Love-hate fireworks begin. Richard Dreyfuss, Marsha Mason, Quinn Cummings. Director: Herbert Ross.

Heroes Vietnam veteran escapes mental ward in New York and sets off on cross-country bus trip. He meets young woman and they share a variety of escapades, leading to moment of crunching truth about his past in Vietnam. Interesting and serious in purpose, with good performance by Henry Winkler, but not very credible and marred by coy dialogue and situations. Sally Field. Director: Jeremy Paul Kagan.

Kentucky Fried Movie Onslaught of anything-goes satire, some of it funny, some of it weak. High point is an excellent parody of kung-fu films. Also some good spoofing of television. Amusing cast. Outgrowth of Kentucky Fried Theatre in Los Angeles. Director: John Landis.

Looking For Mr. Goodbar Extraordinary dimensional performance by Diane Keaton highlights film version of Judith Rossner's novel about teacher whose singles-bar trail leads to her murder. Film itself, although enriched by other superb performances and sexual candor, is encumbered by commercial gloss that intrudes upon basic toughness. Tuesday Weld, Richard Gere, Richard Kiley, William Atherton. Director: Richard Brooks.

The Man Who Loved Women in French; English titles. Entertaining, lightly told tale of compulsive woman-chaser. An effort to be serious, too, but the humorous viewpoint is dominant. Appealing cast, and some of the freshness associated with director Francois Truffaut, but ranks modestly among his works. Charles Denner, Brigitte Fossey. Director: F. Truffaut.

March Or Die Every cliche you can think of about French Foreign Legion films is trotted out in this ridiculous yarn about the Legion protecting an archaeological dig in Morocco after World War I and battling the Arabs. Heat, sand, honor, a beautiful woman. See the oldies instead. Gene Hackman, Terence Hill, Max von Sydow, Catherine Deneuve, Ian Holm. Director: Dick Richards.

Mr. Klein In French; Eng. titles. Mysterious, provocative and significant exploration of haunting subject — the relationship between bystanders and persecuted. Robert Klein, a Parisian antique and art dealer during the Nazi occupation, finds himself confused with a Mr. Klein who is Jewish and obsessively seeks to find his namesake. Too many implausibilities, but well-acted and engrossing. Alain Delon, Jeanne Moreau. Director: Joseph Losey.

1900 Ambitious romantic and political epic portraying the forces at work in Italy during the century, told through the stories of two friends, one the grandson of a landowner, the other of a peasant, growing up to be opponents during Fascism. Odd mixture of Hollywood cliches and marxist politics. Often superb, sometimes absurd, but always daring and memorable. Hurt by dubbing needed to make international cast an English-speaking one. Robert De Niro, Gerard Depardieu, Dominique Sanda, Donald Sutherland. Director: Bernardo Bertolucci.

Pardon Mon Affaire In French; Eng. titles. Fresh, delightfully performed sex farce that makes it seem as if infidelity were just invented. Some of it falters, but funny situations and a good cast brighten tale of government official struggling to cheat on his wife for the first time. Jean Rochefort, Claude Brasseur, Guy Bedos. Director: Yves Robert.

Saturday Night Fever Comedy-drama. Life among today's disco set. With John Travolta, Karen Lynn Gorney. Original music performed by the Bee Gees. Director: John Badham.

Semi-Tough Fast, funny, raunchy comedy about two pro-football players in love with the same spirited woman, whose father owns the team. Skillful script by Walter Bernstein from Dan Jenkins' novel, smooth comedy performances by the stars, jaunty direction, and colorful use of football environment. Burt Reynolds, Kris Kristofferson, Jill Clayburgh. Director: Michael Ritchie.

A Special Day In Italian; Eng. titles. Shallow, humdrum story about one-day relationship between housewife and a homosexual neighbor against the background of Hitler and Mussolini parading before cheering Romans. The homosexual has been fired as a pervert, but Fascism is the true perversion. Sleazy juxtaposition, slender ingredients, but Marcello Mastroianni and Sophia Loren are, of course, delightful to watch. Director: Ettore Scoia.

Telefon New spy thriller starring Charles Bronson, Lee Remick, Patrick McGee, and Alan Badel. Director: Don Siegel.

That Obscure Object of Desire In French; Eng. titles. Funny, witty, charming, sophisticated, playfully mysterious comedy making penetrating comment on the precarious state of the world. Bourgeois gentleman in Spain pursues elusive, tantalizing woman (played by two actresses), while terrorism to which he is oblivious occurs with increasing proximity. The astute, mature work of a master filmmaker. Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, Angela Molina. Director: Louis Bunuel.

The Turning Point Jealousies and sparks fly in the world of ballet upon reunion of aging ballerina and friend who gave it up for domesticity. Corny, but classy, entertaining old-fashioned showpiece for the stars. Exciting, creatively staged dance sequences worked into the plot. Anne Bancroft, Shirley MacLaine, Mikhail Baryshnikov, Leslie Browne. With the participation of the American Ballet Theatre. Director: Herbert Ross.

Which Way Is Up? Raucously funny, broad comedy tailored to talents of Richard Pryor, who plays three roles in loose, ribald adaptation of Lina Wertmuller's *The Seduction of Mimi*. The subtleties and social significance are pulverized, replaced by situations verging on burlesque. On these terms Pryor is outrageously entertaining playing a California fruit picker, his horny, outspoken father, and a hypocritical preacher. Lonette McKee, Margaret Avery. Director: Michael Schultz.

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Interested in collecting a large amount old and new movie posters, small stills and live photos, movie soundtracks - send price list to: *Wendy Pottery, 543 Queenston Road - Apt. 102, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada L8K 1J8*

Would like to buy some of the material on *Saturday Night Fever*. Preferably just on the dancing. Debbie Friesman, 323, Brant St., Dunnville, Ontario-Canada.

Interested in pressbooks, Bette Davis films of the 30's, 40's, 50's, 60's, especially her classic films. - Gordon Streadwick, 1129 Don Mills Road, Apt. 606, Don Mills, Ontario, Canada M3B 2W4, (416) 445-4378

Thousands of 8, super 8 and 16mm sound and silent features, shorts, cartoons, serials and newsreels as well as religious films. Buy, sell, trade Malvern P. Jacobs, 49-2170 Bromsgrove Road, Mississauga, Ontario, Canada Tel. (416) 822-5946.

For Sale; Horror and science fiction stills posters, magazines, books etc. Also few standard 8mm and 16mm horror films and cartoons. S.A.E. for list. - Kevin Wheelan, 33 Oaks Way, Surbiton, Surrey, England.

Wish to purchase soundtrack and any information and photos about movie *Silent Running*. Details to: D.V. Jackson, 13403 Dovercourt Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T5L 4E3.

Soundtracks bought, sold, exchanged. Urgently required: *Our Mother's House* MGM E-SE4495. - Jim Powley, 9 Osterhout Place, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada M1B 1E4; (416) 292-4092 evenings.

Wanted; sheet music, stills, pressbooks, posters, old movie magazines, from the films of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Write to - Mark Ambridge, 2255 Victoria Park Avenue, Apt. 303, Scarboro, Ontario, Canada M1R 1W2

STAR WARS material of all kinds wanted by serious collector. Send particulars to - Kat Mullaly, 4-10620 113 Street, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, T5H 3H6

Will trade or buy. Need color pinups only of Liz Taylor. Also Jack Nicholson, Tatum O'Neal, Barbra Streisand and Olivia Newton-John. - Lloyd Regular, Hampden, White Bay, Newfoundland, Canada AOK 2Y0

Wanted: Anything from *The Poseidon Adventure* and anything from any of Elvis Presley movies. Will pay any reasonable price. - Rick Plaseski, 1029 Garwood Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3M 1M8

Would like to find the Al Goodman recording of the movie themes from *Spellbound* and *Lost Weekend*, both composed by Miklos Rosza. - M. Gersho, 2323 Bloor St. W., Suite 218-A, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6S 4W1

I am anxious to buy the hard to locate book by J.D. Eames - *The M.G.M. Story*. - John Pallas of Apt. 1201, 5885 Cunard Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada B3K 1E3.

Large and varied collection of books about motion pictures, directors and stars, plus books on related aspects of show business. More details - Cyril Levine, Box 2784, Hinton, Alberta, Canada TOE 1C0

Need back issue of June 1976 issue of 'American Cinematographer' particularly the material on *Logan's Run*. Interested sellers please write - Rob Cosby, 104 Edward Street, London, Ontario, Canada N6C 3H7.

Wanted, Articles, photos, stills, pictures on Maria Schneider, Charles Bronson and Alain Delon. Reasonable price please. - T. Vanderelst, 13 Jean Avenue, Bordeaux, Randbura 2001, Transvaal, South Africa.

Anyone interested in the musical films of Vivian Blaine, please contact - Vivian Blaine Int. Fan Club, Jim Neyhart Pres., Apt. 303, 328 N.W. Richmond Beach Road, Seattle, W.N. 98177, U.S.A.

Wanted Pen Pals to join Lest We Forget Clubs for Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, James Dean, Bogart, Jean Harlow, Valentino, dues each $3.50. Chaw Mank, 30 Staunton. Illinois 62088, U.S.A.

Wanted any pictures of Judy Garland or Marx Brothers, plus others. Have lots to trade on most stars. - Elizabeth Hill, 20 Victoria Avenue, Unley Park, 5061, South Australia.

Raquel Welch pictorial from Mayfair (August 1966) foreign magazines and Cinema X. Will buy or exchange for material on your favourites. - Mr. Eric German, 2 Queen's Flat, G'Mangia Hill, Pieta, Malta.

For Sale; 16mm feature films, write for list to Melvin Bond, 11 Main Street, Sydney Mines, Nova Scotia, Canada B1V 2K5

For Sale; Various movie magazines, Modern Screen, Movie Stars etc., will accept offers. - J. Hanley, 9 Hollycroft Avenue, Darcy Lever, Bolton, Lancashire, England.

Wanted; Official cinema poster of 1933 version of *King Kong*. - James Stewart, 19 Buchanan Court, Kirkcaldy, Fife, Scotland.

Wanted; Posters, stills and pressbooks from the first five Connery-James Bond films. - G. Galbraith, 114 Dunraven Avenue, Bloomfield, Belfast BT5 5JS, Northern Ireland.

Wanted; Anything on *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* and Neil Diamond who wrote the score. - M. Swann, 165 Minver Crescent, Aspley, Nottingham, England.

Wanted; Anything on Kris Kristofferson, will pay any price asked. - Mrs. P. Palmer, 22 Barrington Road, Manor Park, London E12, England.

Cuttings on many film stars for sale - buy, sell, exchange for anything on Omar Sharif, would also like to hear from other Sharif fans. - Miss I. De Bruin, Maaskant 36, Ochten, (GLD), Holland.

For Sale; Material on *King Kong*, Reynolds, Hoffman and other actors. - Francis Pepe, Via Munari 20, 00154 Rome, Italy.

Wanted anything on Sissy (*CARRIE*) Spacek, pics, stills, posters, slides, etc. Will swop or buy. - Cindy Lillibridge, 281 Centerville Road, Warwick, Rhode Island 2886, U.S.A.

For Sale; Joan Crawford, James Dean, Marilyn Monroe, Clark Gable clippings of photos. $3 in USA money. - Chaw Mank, Lest We Forget Club, Drawer 30, Staunton, Illinois 62088, USA.

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Next Issue:

The New Hollywood:

Who's making Hollywood sizzle these days. The new faces in front of, and behind the camera

The Band comes home:

After all the setbacks, Martin Scorsese's The Last Waltz finally comes to the screen with Toronto's own wonder boys as the stars. They're not finished yet

Carl Reiner:

Director Reiner talks about his latest film, The One, The Only with Henry Winkler and Kim Darby

Unmarried Woman

Jill Clayburgh breaks through with her latest film, Unmarried Woman

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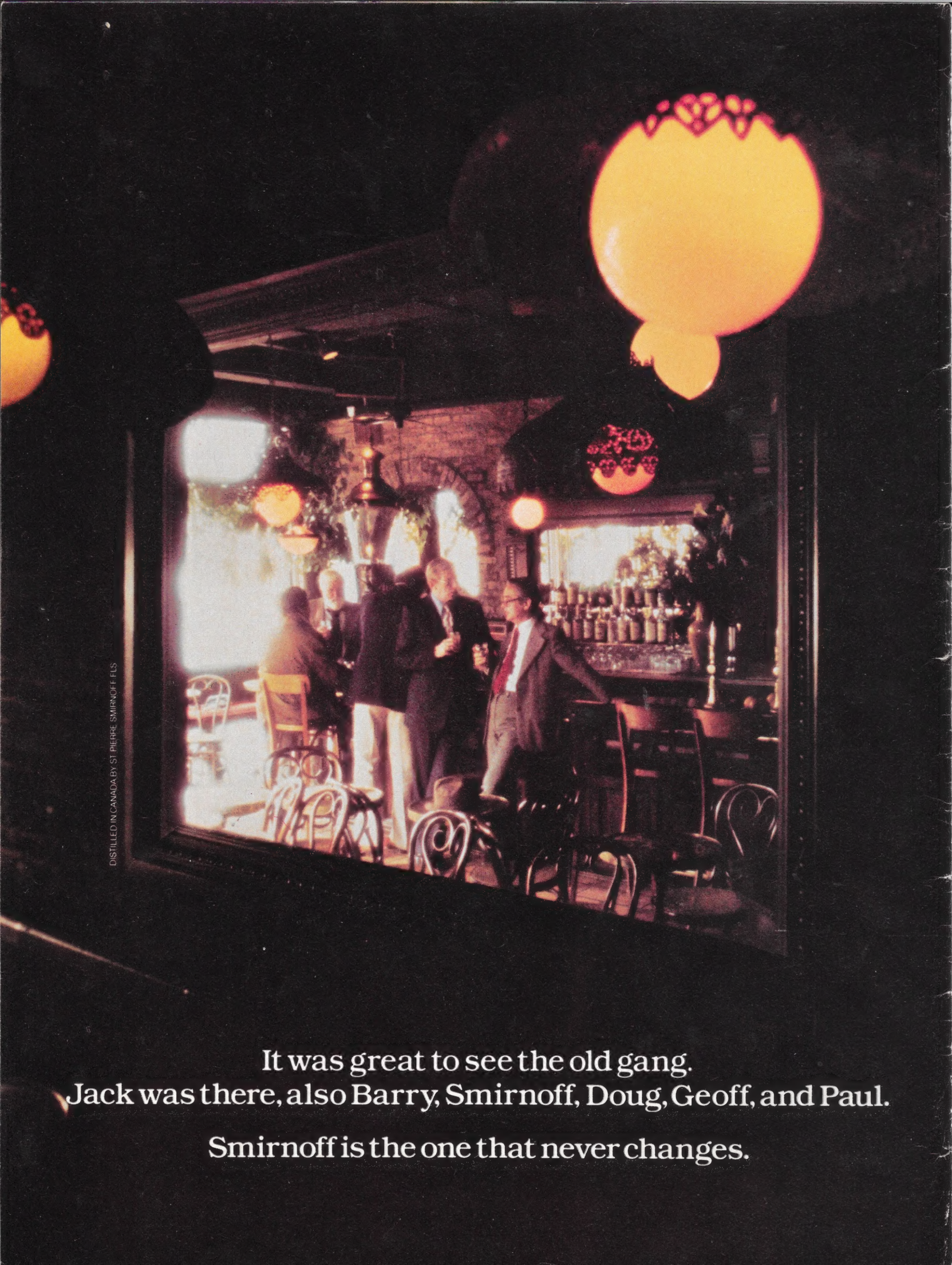

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It was great to see the old gang.
Jack was there, also Barry, Smirnoff, Doug, Geoff, and Paul.

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